
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

JUNE, 1803.

SKETCH OF THE MEMOIRS
OF
MR. JOSEPH MUNDEN,
COMEDIAN.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

WE have already touched on a vast variety of characters whose biography we have given at different times in our miscellany: all have their niche in society—and it is fit that all should receive that public tribute of respect which is due to talents and activity. In this point of view biographical narratives of every kind are useful, and probably this is the chief reason to be assigned for their being read with so much avidity. We reflect with pleasure on the efforts we have made to entertain our readers in this department, and we trust that on this occasion there will be no want of our usual fidelity.

MR. MUNDEN was born in London in the year 1758 ; but his father dying, left him at an early age to a mother's care and protection. He remained beneath her maternal roof till near thirteen years of age, when it became time to prepare him for his settlement in the world. Physic and law were the successive subjects of trial : how long he continued in each of the above professions we cannot say, but certain it is that his genius was by no means suited to either of them. He soon quitted his situation, and became a Rambler upon the wide world : hence we must expect his meeting with many adventures, though the minute recital of them cannot be expected in this cursory sketch of his biography. Indeed the life of an itinerant performer is proverbially chequered, and has more than once contributed to the stock of public amusement. The narratives of a *Cibber* and a *Bellamy* are esteemed for their interesting variety.

At Liverpool, it is said, was Mr. M.'s first engagement, in an inferior way, but sufficient to gratify his predilection for the stage. And here Shuter, of comic memory, noticed him in his humble situation—a circumstance which, no doubt, is always remembered with gratitude.

Rochdale was the next scene of his exertion, though he did not remain long in that situation. Returning to Liverpool again, he passed some time in that populous city. Chester, however, was now the place to which he emigrated ; but here though only a spectator, at this period, he became a manager of respectability.

The restless disposition of our hero did not suffer him to continue for any length of time in one place : he set off for London, passing thro' Birmingham, and also thro' Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place of Shakespeare. This latter spot raised strong feelings of pleasure—at the tomb of the genius of the British drama he bowed with admiration.

Reaching the metropolis exhausted by the fatigue of a long journey, he began to look about him for means of subsistence. He soon got acquainted with a company of players at Leatherhead, and repaired thither for the purpose of assisting them in their exhibitions. Their success, however, was not flattering ; but at last a gentleman bespeaking a play for Saturday night, an audience was obtained—the profits indeed were not great, though received with joy and gratitude. But the theatre at Leatherhead was speedily shut, and Mr. M. returned to London for the renewal of his adventures.

We have been assured that our hero engaged with a company at Wallingford, in Berkshire, but Windsor, Colnbrook, and Andover were taken in succession. Like other engagements, this proved of no duration, and the metropolis was again sought for the display of his theatrical ability.

After various difficulties incident to the life of a stage player, Mr. M. about the year 1780, began to emerge from those clouds and vapours by which his history had hitherto been enveloped : Canterbury was the theatre of these his successful exertions ; Brighton likewise hailed

the dawnings of his fame. He now visited Chester, Whitehaven, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne with applause. Lancaster, Preston, and Warrington were also the scene of his labours. At these latter places he was constituted manager, and acquitted himself in a manner which gave universal satisfaction. Having not yet attained to the summit of his wishes, he disposed of his property as manager, and repaired to London once more—the only place where merit in any line meets with its due reward. Of this truth he was fully conscious, and subsequent events verified the justness of his expectations.

About this period the celebrated *Edwin* was snatched away by death, the gaiety of nations being (as Johnson expresses himself on the decease of Garrick) eclipsed by his dissolution. This of course opened the way for the fresh exertion of ability, of which Mr. M. properly availed himself. In the winter, 1790, he made his first appearance in *Sir Francis Gripe*, and *Jemmy Jumps*, at the theatre royal Covent Garden, where he was honored by loud plaudits of approbation: they were alive to his merits—they felt his superior talents—they rejoiced in the acquisition which they had made, knowing that he would contribute his full share to the aggregate of public amusement.

Since the period above alluded to, our hero has continued to experience very general approbation, and now ranks high in the comic department. In the summer of 1798 he performed at the little theatre in the Haymarket, where he distinguished himself by the personification

of *Tony Lumkin*, and several humorous and sentimental characters. He is the original *Ezekiel Homespun*, in Mr. Colman's comedy of the *Heir at Law*. The loss of this gentleman to the London theatre would be very seriously felt; but we have been informed that the manager of the theatre royal, Dublin, has made very liberal overtures for his services for 12 nights, in consequence of his having, on a former occasion, been so warmly received on the Irish boards. He is remarkable for dressing his characters with the utmost propriety. In 1800 a disagreement took place between the proprietors of Covent Garden and Messrs. Munden, Holman, Johnstone, Fawcett, Pope, Knight, H. Johnston, and Incedon, when a statement of their grievances (drawn up with clearness and precision) was accordingly signed by the above gentlemen. The ground of difference rested principally upon the proprietors depriving their performers of the customary orders of admission—in enlarging the fine of 5l. for refusing a character to 30l.—and in raising the charge of a ben fit from 140l. to 160l.

With respect to the first complaint, it must be acknowledged that orders are at the option of the managers; but when orders are promiscuously issued (being at times of as much service to the proprietors as to the performers) surely the performers have *some* claim to that indulgence, of course they had *some* reason to complain, for they had been denied that indulgence though the house had been frequently filled with them. The second was certainly a

serious complaint; for though managers might say, that many good characters have been rejected by actors of very inferior abilities, this was no argument for compelling performers to hazard their reputation; every actor should be the guardian of his own fame, and never attempt a part, or at least repeat it, which was beneath him, or to which he was inadequate. The third complaint had some grounds, when we consider that performers have not the same opportunity, by orders, of making friends as before; and when we also consider that the additional expences have been incurred by the managers themselves, by rebuilding and enlarging their winter theatres—why, it may be asked, should performers pay for their caprice or whims, especially as the public pay the additional prices of admission to the boxes and pit?—This disagreement was left (by mutual consent) to the lord chamberlain for his decision, who at last gave his opinion in favor of the proprietors, recommending, at the same time, an amicable adjustment and oblivion of the past. The complaints, of course, were dropped, and Mr. MUNDEN and the other performers reinstated.

Mr. M. has been some years married, and has a large family. He lives in Kentish town, near where the late Mr. Palmer resided, and has a son at Mr. Mansel's academy in the above place.

Islington.

J. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 75.

BEAUTIES OF HOMER.

(Cowper's Translation.)

WE proceed to the further delineation of the Beauties of Homer—an author that has pleased for centuries past, and will continue to astonish and delight posterity. Allowance must be made for translations of every kind—the generality of readers see him not in his own simple and graceful dress: still he improves our taste and enlightens our judgment. To relish his writings must be deemed an unequivocal proof of our improvement.

The simile indicative of the trouble in which the Greeks were involved, is highly impressive:

As when two adverse winds, blowing from
 Thrace,
 Boreas and Zephyrus, the fishy deep
 Vex sudden, all around, the sable flood,
 High curl'd, flings forth the salt weed on the
 shore—

Such tempest rent the mind of ev'ry Greek!

The timidity of *prayer*, and the audacity of *guilt*, are thus singularly contrasted:

Prayers are Jove's daughters, wrinkled, lame,
 slant-ey'd,
 Which, tho' far distant, yet with constant pace
 Follow offence. Offence, robust of limb,
 And treading firm the ground, outstrips them
 all,

And over all the earth before them runs,
Hurtful to man. They following, heal the hurt.

The description of *Rhesus* is tasteful and happy;—speaking of the Thracians newly arrived, the poet adds :

———— Among them Rhesus sleeps,
Son of Eioneus, their chief and king.
His steeds I saw : the fairest by these eyes
Ever beheld, and loftiest ; snow itself
They pass in whiteness, and in speed, the winds.
With gold and silver all his chariot burns,
And he arrived, in golden armour clad
Stupendous ! little suited to the state
Of mortal man—more seemly for a god !

Hector is thus sublimely depicted :
Hector the splendid orb of his broad shield
Bore in the van ; and as a comet now
Glares thro' the clouds portentous, and again,
Obscur'd by gloomy vapours, disappears,
So Hector, marshalling his host in front,
Now shone, now vanish'd in the distant rear :
All cas'd in brass he flam'd, and on the sight
Flash'd as the lightnings of Jove Egis-arm'd !

The meeting of the Greeks and Trojans in battle is set forth with wonderful energy—few comparisons can be deemed more impressive :

———— As the feath'ry snows
Fall frequent on some wintry day, when Jove
Hath risen to shed them on the race of man,
And show his arrowy stores—he lulls the winds,
Then shakes them down, continual cowering
thick
Mountain tops, promontories, flow'ry meads,
And cultur'd valleys rich ; the havens too
Receive it largely, and the winding shores,

But ocean bounds it there ; while Jove enwraps,
As with a fleecy mantle, all beside :—
So thick alternately, by Trojans hurl'd
Against the Greeks, and by the Greeks return'd :
The stony vallies flew resounding loud
Thro' all its length the batter'd rampart roar'd !

The attack of Hector is in Homer's best manner ; it concludes the first volume of Mr. Cowper's translation :

As in one hand with ease the shepherd bears
A ram's fleece home, nor toils beneath the weight,
So Hector, right toward the planks of those
Majestic folding gates, close jointed, firm,
And solid, bore the stone. Two bars within,
Their corresponding force combin'd transverse,
To guard them, and one bolt secur'd the bars.
He stood fast by them, parting wide his feet,
For 'vantage sake, and smote them in the midst.
He burst both hinges—inward fell the rock
Ponderous, and the portals roar'd ; the bars
Endur'd not, and the planks, riv'n by the force
Of that huge mass, flew scatter'd on all the sides !
In leap'd the godlike hero at the breach,
Gloomy as night in aspect, but in arms
All dazzling, and he grasp'd two quiv'ring spears.
Him ent'ring with a leap the gates, no force
Whate'er of opposition had repress'd,
Save of the gods alone : fire fill'd his eyes—
Turning, he bade the multitude without
Ascend the rampart : they his voice obey'd ;
Part climb'd the wall, part pour'd into the gate ;
The Grecians to their hollow galleys flew,
Scattered, and tumult infinite arose !

How lively and impressive is this account of ancient achievements ! We are hurried back to former times—we imagine ourselves present

on the occasion. Let us then study more the writings of antiquity, distinguish'd for their ease and simplicity. The best writers of modern days have caught their spirit, and imitated their tendency. They are not indeed faultless; but such are their excellencies, both as to style and sentiment, that we may safely recommend them as a model of composition for the rising generation.

Islington.

J. E.

AEROSTATIC INVASION.

The following curious article appeared in a Paris paper of June, 1803.

WHILE all orders of the state, commerce, the sciences, and the arts are emulous in promoting the triumph of France, in the quarrel which England has just fomented, it is to be expected that *natural philosophy* should likewise offer its tribute. M. Thilorier promises to carry the French army into the heart of England by means of *air balloons*. The means of executing this project, having been examined by a commission named for the purpose, have been deemed practicable. The commission was of opinion, that an experiment upon a small scale should be made, and that a Montgolfier balloon should be constructed at Paris capable of raising a weight equal to that of 3000 armed men. The expence of this experiment will be only 270,000 francs, or about 13,000*l*. The Montgolfier which was tried at Lyons had a force equal to that of a globe of about 33 me-

tres in circumference. This of M. Thilorier is to have a diameter three times as great.

The learned, says M. Thilorier, have thought that the heat of the enclosed gas would give a weight equal to that of atmospheric air as 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$. In a larger Montgolfier, this degree of heat may be encreased without danger. It is pretended that the cover composed of two papers glued to an intermediate cloth, would be extremely heavy. Experience has proved that a fine close-woven cloth is sufficient to retain the gas, and it is evident that an envelope, as above mentioned, is capable of greater resistance. In tripling the diameter, it will suffice to have an envelope nine times as large, to produce an effect twenty-seven times as great.

According to these propositions, M. Thilorier presumes, that his Montgolfier, of the circumference of 100 metres will raise a weight equal to 3,000 armed men. Before the balloon is elevated, it will be filled several times. This preparation will take up but one hour, and will consume only one cart-load of straw.

The subscription is for 300,000 francs, divided into 3,000 shares of 100 francs each: it is open at the bankers at Paris.

M. Thilorier is of opinion that there are many ways of passing the channel, which forms the security of the enemy. It is believed that the government, before it recurs to the dangerous resources offered by natural philosophy, will make a happy trial of the safer means which are presented by profound combinations of circumstances, wise dispositions, and above all, by that intrepid and reflected courage of the brave

men who press around it, to offer the sacrifice of their lives and fortunes. Since it is necessary to have calm weather to venture into the plains of the air, it is better perhaps to employ this moment of calm upon the water, less light, less moveable, and of which the genius of France has already subdued the inconstancy, in making it subservient to her success. Why, upon a simple probability, which is justified by no one example, suspend an army by a thread, commit it to the airy plains, and confide in the wind, the most perfidious of all elements, for conducting it to the place of its destination, whilst more than one fortunate experiment proves, that the sea, which encircles the British isles, is not a barrier impenetrable to intrepidity conducted by genius? The history of the descents upon England furnishes more than one example; and the possibility of a similar event was proved during the last war by a small number of Frenchmen. The inhabitants of Dublin have not yet recovered the panic into which they were thrown by the appearance of Humbert, at the head of 1200 men, conquerors of winds, of the waves, of the rocks, of the Pen-cibles. If this has been effected by a French general, under a government which was unable to give union and precision to its enterprises, or to find sufficient pecuniary resources, what will not be achieved by a government which (thanks to the confidence it inspires) can draw forth the resources of the nation, and direct its efforts by the counsels of prudence and wisdom?

For the Monthly Visitor.

CHARACTER OF COWPER.

BY W. HAYLEY, ESQ.

THE person and mind of Cowper seem to have been formed with equal kindness by nature, and it may be questioned if she ever bestowed on any man with a fonder prodigality all the requisites to conciliate affection and to inspire respect.

From his figure, as it first appeared to me in his sixty-second year, I should imagine that he must have been comely in his youth; and little had time injured his countenance, since his features expressed at that period of life all the powers of his mind and all the sensibility of his heart.

He was of a middle stature, rather strong than delicate in the form of his limbs; the colour of his hair was a light brown, that of his eyes a blueish grey, and his complexion ruddy. In his dress he was neat, but not finical; in his diet temperate, and not dainty.

He had an air of pensive reserve in his deportment, and his extreme shyness produced in his manners an indescribable mixture of awkwardness and dignity; but no being could be more truly graceful, when he was in perfect health, and perfectly pleased with his society. Towards women, in particular, his behaviour and conversation were delicate and fascinating in the highest degree.

Nature had given him a warm constitution, and had he been prosperous in early love, it is probable that he might have enjoyed a more uniform and happy tenor of health. But a disappointment of the heart, arising from the cruelty of fortune, threw a cloud on his juvenile spirit. Thwarted in love, the native fire of his temperament turned impetuously into the kindred channel of devotion. The smothered flames of desire uniting with the vapours of constitutional melancholy, and the fervency of religious zeal, produced altogether that irregularity of corporeal sensation and of mental health which gave such extraordinary vicissitudes of splendor and of darkness to his mortal career, and made Cowper at times an idol of the purest admiration, and at times an object of the sincerest pity.

As a sufferer, indeed, no man could be more entitled to compassion, for no man was ever more truly compassionate to the sufferings of others. It was this rare portion of benevolent sensibility in his nature which endeared him to persons of all ranks who had opportunities of observing him in life. The great Prince of Condé used to say, "No man is a hero to his familiar domestic:" but Cowper was really more. He was beloved and revered with a sort of idolatry in his family; not from any romantic ideas of his magical powers as a poet, but from that evangelical gentleness of manners and purity of conduct which illumined the shade of his sequestered life.

I may be suspected of speaking with the fond partiality, the unperceived exaggerations of friendship; but the fear of such censure shall not deter me from bearing my most deliberate testimony to the excellence of him whose memory I revere, and saying, that as a man, he made, of all men whom I have ever had opportunities to observe so minutely, the nearest approaches to moral perfection. Indeed a much more experienced judge of mankind, and Cowper's associate in early life, Lord Thurlow, has expressed the same idea of his character; for being once requested to describe him, he replied with that solemn energy of dignified elocution by which he is accustomed to give a very forcible effect to a few simple words—"Cowper is truly a good man!"

His daily habits of study and exercise, his whole domestic life is so minutely and agreeably delineated in the series of his letters, that it is unnecessary for his biographer to expatiate upon them. I have little occasion indeed to dwell on this topic, but let me apply to my young readers a few expressive words of Louis Racine, in addressing to his own son the life and letters of his illustrious father:—"Quand vous l'aurez connu dans sa famille, vous le gouterez mieux, lorsque vous viendrez à le connoître sur le Parnasse: vous scarez, pourquoy ses vers sont toujours pleins de sentimens." I might add, in alluding to a few of his most tender and pathetic letters:—"C'est une simplicité de mœurs si admirable dans un homme tout sentiment, et tout cœurs, qui est cause,

qu'en copiant pour vous ses lettres, je verse à tous momens des larmes, parcequ'il me communique la tendresse, dont il étoit rempli."—Cowper greatly resembled his eminent and exemplary brothers of Parnassus, Racine and Metastasio, in the simplicity and tenderness of his domestic character.

His voice conspired with his features to announce to all who saw and heard him, the extreme sensibility of his heart: and in reading aloud he furnished the chief delight of those social enchanting winter evenings which he has described so happily in the fourth book of the Task. He had been taught by his parents at home to recite English verse in the early years of his childhood, and acquired considerable applause, as a child, in the recital of Gay's popular fable, "The Hare and many Friends:" a circumstance that probably had great influence in raising his passion for poetry, and in giving him a peculiar fondness for the wild persecuted animal, that he converted into a very grateful domestic companion.

Secluded from the world, as Cowper had long been, he yet retained in advanced life uncommon talents for conversation; and his conversation was distinguished by mild and benevolent pleasantry, by delicate humour peculiar to himself, or by a higher tone of serious good sense, and those united charms of a cultivated mind which he has himself very happily described in drawing the colloquial character of a venerable divine:

Grave, without dullness, learn'd, without pride,
Exact, yet not precise, tho' meek, keen-ey'd ;
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright as ready to produce ;
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlighten'd page,
His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains, it was a privilege to hear :
Yet above all, his luxury supreme,
And his chief glory was the gospel theme :
Ambitious not to shine or to excel,
But to treat justly what he lov'd so well.

Men who withdraw themselves from the ordinary forms of society, whether delicacy of health, or a passion for study, or both united, occasion their retirement from the world, are generally obliged to pay a heavy tax for the privacy they enjoy, in having their habits of life and their temper very darkly misrepresented by the ignorant malice of offended pride. The sweetness and purity of Cowper's real character did not perfectly preserve him from such misrepresentation. Many persons have been misled so far as to suppose him a severe and sour sectary, though gentleness and good-nature were among his pre-eminent qualities, and though he was deliberately attached to the established religion of his country. In a letter to his young kinsman (who was then on the point of taking orders) Cowper sufficiently proves his attachment to the church of England ; and he speaks so decidedly on the subject, that certainly none of the sectaries have a right to reckon him in their number. He was however, as his

poetry has most elegantly testified, a most ardent friend to liberty, both civil and religious; and his love of freedom induced him to animadvert with lively indignation on every officious and oppressive exercise of episcopal authority. Few ministers of the gospel have searched the scripture more diligently than Cowper, and, in his days of health, with a happier effect, for a spirit of evangelical kindness and purity pervaded the whole tenor of his language and all the conduct of his life.

His infinite good-nature, as a literary man, is strikingly displayed in the indulgent condescension with which he gratified two successive clerks of Northampton, in writing for them their annual copies of mortuary verses. He thought, like the amiable Plutarch, that the most ordinary office may be dignified by a benevolent spirit.

In describing himself to his amiable friend, Mr. Park the engraver, he spoke too slightly of his own learning, for he was in truth a scholar, as any man may fairly be called who is master of four languages besides his own: Cowper read Greek and Latin, French and Italian; but the extraordinary incidents of his life precluded him from indulging himself in a multiplicity of books, and his reading was conformable to the rule of Pliny, "*Non multa, sed multum.*"

He had devoted some time to the pencil, and he mentions his reason for quitting it in the following passage of a letter to the same correspondent:—

Weston, 1792.

It was only one year that I gave to drawing, for I found it an employment hurtful to my eyes, which have always been weak and subject to inflammation. I finished my attempts in this way with three small landscapes, which I presented to a lady. These may perhaps exist, but I have no correspondence with the fair proprietor. Except these there is nothing remaining to shew that I ever aspired to such an accomplishment.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SPEECH

RECENTLY DELIVERED IN A DEBATING
SOCIETY, ISLINGTON.

QUESTION.

Is Agriculture or Commerce most useful to this Country?

MR. PRESIDENT,

IT was a decided opinion of the stoics, and which opinion has been since most beautifully explained by the celebrated Fenelon, in his work called *Telemachus*, that all the human species are in the eyes of their Creator one single state, in which all nations, both great and small, are by him regarded as so many tribes or families, some of which move in a better, some in a worse condition, from the right or wrong use they make of the means which he has put

into their hands. By this it appears, that Providence, in his wisdom, directs every thing for the best—makes evil the cause of good, and makes absolute want the cause of ever-flowing abundance.

It would take up too much time, sir, was I to attempt to give you any account of the rise and progress of commerce among the nations where it has been generally allowed to have arisen; and therefore, as I understand our own country was mentioned as the example, I propose to consider, as briefly as I can, some of the natural advantages of this island with regard to commerce, and the rise and progress of it here.

That the first inhabitants of this island were tempted over by the advantages with which this country abounded, is not to be disputed, although some writers have been pleased to represent it in quite a contrary point of view, and rest upon our natural wants and deficiencies. They observe, that grass grows here spontaneously, but not corn; that our natural fruits are sloes, hips, and haws; and that our breed of horses and cattle were very despicable till they were mended by importations from other countries. But when I consider this, I can find no good reason to quarrel with the disposals of Providence. It appears to me, sir, that when man was in a state of infancy, Paradise, or a country producing every thing needful, useful, and pleasant, was not only fit but necessary for him: but when, as the just desert of his disobedience, he was doomed to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, it then be-

came necessary that contrivance, economy, and prudence, as well as labour, should be employed to render his life and habits comfortable and convenient. When therefore those people thought of coming over here, did they expect to find the plains all cultivated to their hands, or valleys standing thick with corn?—No! they expected to find what they did find, a country naturally producing many things, and those too in great abundance, producing great quantities of timber to furnish houses for their habitations, to make all kinds of utensils and vessels to transport them to other countries; a number of incomparable ports, which have proved the greatest blessing and the peculiar glory of this favored island: the climate comfortable, the soil fertile, and abounding with navigable rivers, or with small, though not useless brooks—in fine, a place every way fit for the reception of rational beings, and capable of being made, by their attention and industry, what it is made, one of the fairest, finest, and most fruitful countries in Europe, or the most distinguished portion of the first quarter of the world! It follows, of course, that we must conceive that the foreign commerce of this island must have been a work of time; for men think first of necessities, then of conveniencies, and lastly of superfluities. The people on the opposite continent, knowing this island to be inhabited, and possessing the use (though in a very imperfect degree) of vessels and of foreign commerce, came over hither, and bartered their goods for the raw commodities which Britain

produced, and thus induced the inhabitants to imitate them, till at last they entered into a correspondence with their neighbours, the Gauls.

Things were in this situation when we were invaded by the Romans; and there is no doubt, as far as commerce is to be considered, it was an advantage to this country: for though, by their ideas of liberty, they were excited to make a long, glorious, and a vigorous resistance, yet by degrees they adopted the manners of their conquerors, and grew content to be happy in preference of being free. The Romans founded as well places where trade was to be carried on, as standing camps; and thinking that London was fit for the purpose, she was then made the seat of commerce, and she is now not more famous for her present extensive trade than venerable for her unknown antiquity—a city, the pride and glory of our island, the fame of which reaches to the ends of the world, while her origin remains undiscovered, and baffles all the vain attempts of the most laborious antiquarians to discover it.

It cannot be expected in a speech like the present, that I should attempt to trace the progress of commerce through every reign, or shew how it was protected, encouraged, or discountenanced, what opportunities were luckily embraced, or what were unfortunately lost, as it is evident that it is a subject which requires more time joined with greater abilities than I possess. The subject undoubtedly is important, useful, and entertaining, but at the same time much too important to be considered

hastily, and much too copious to be crowded into a narrow space. It is sufficient for me to observe upon an opinion very generally entertained, that we had little or no commerce previous to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that such an opinion is not well founded, although it would be equally ill founded to assert the contrary; the middle way, in this as in most other cases, seems to be the best: and as this useful debate is carried on for the improvement of young people, it is of the utmost importance to obtain right ideas and opinions; and though the want of knowledge is a calamity heavy enough, yet I do not apprehend it to be so great as to labour under false opinion, because, though we imbibe errors easily in youth, those errors are not so soon got rid of. As I have not time to give my reasons for this observation, I shall only mention, that in the 28th Edward III. or 1354, there is a record in the exchequer of exports and imports, by which it appears that the balance in favor of our commerce was 255,214l. 13s. 8d. which, considering the difference of money now and at that time, is about 737,021l. 16s. 11d. but this does not include the exports either of tin or lead.

In order to judge, in some degree, of the immense usefulness of our commerce, let us for a few minutes consider the number of persons the commodities we export constantly employ; not to mention how many people are employed in tillage, to raise corn for exportation, from the land-holder to the boy that holds the plough, but consider that the inhabitants of several very

considerable villages in Essex and Norfolk are supported by the culture of saffron; and the same may be said of hemp (not considering them as articles of home consumption, but expressly for the purpose of exportation). With respect to the commodities of lime, chalk, and stones, dug from the earth, they furnish subsistence to immense numbers. But how small do these appear when compared with the coal miners; but the coal miners themselves must give way when compared with the innumerable companies of persons employed to dig for minerals and metals, who are so numerous as to be allowed a distinct body of laws for their regulation. It strikes me, sir, that this is an argument in favor of commerce of great weight, that so many of our poorer countrymen are thus employed and kept from starving, which I think must certainly be the case if our commerce was totally annihilated.

Another very material advantage derived from commerce is carriage, both with regard to corn and coal. The persons employed in the corn trade come under four denominations, viz. corn-factors, meal men, malsters, and carriers; but the last of these is the only one I shall here take any notice of. Their very name shews their occupation, and it is only necessary to observe, they are very numerous, and that the method they take to gain their subsistence is highly useful to society. With regard to the carriage of coals, it is really an amazing thing: from the best information which I have been able to obtain, the carriage amounts to about eight times

the original cost of that necessary article. We cannot, it is true, from these facts, form any computation what is the amount of this advantage, but I conceive it is sufficient to assert that it is very considerable.

With regard to the foreign plantations we possess, I shall endeavour to point out some of the benefits derived from them to this country, to shew the differences they have made in our concerns, and endeavour to obviate objections against them.

To prove the great service which our country has derived from its plantations in America would be no very difficult subject; but I think the least reflection upon this head will prove to be true what I have asserted, and therefore I shall only remark, that there is no nation which had it in its power to form them that did not form them; and from hence I should infer, that what has *always* been judged necessary, must be so. As an example, I would just mention the state of Virginia:—It is computed that the number of souls there amount to about three-fourths of a million, and of these above 120,000 men, women, and children are whites. It is obvious then to ask, what benefit arises to us from so many of our subjects residing from us? To obviate this, I would remark, that as the value of labour differs in most parts of the kingdom, so the labour of a man in most of the plantations is as advantageous to his country as if he worked at home, and not only as much so, but more so. It is allowed that a person there produces about four times as much to the wealth

of the British nation, and that the white people in Virginia, one with another, produce annually at least 12l. to this nation. On the whole then it appears, that there can be no question, as these people take in British commodities considerably more than 150,000l.

It may possibly be objected, that they drain this island of its inhabitants: a little reflection will shew the contrary, and that, so far from being a drain, they actually, in the end, tend to augment them. Our people, when abroad, consume more goods of the growth of this island than if they were at home. This creates a demand which heightens wages here, and that attract people from other nations. It will not be foreign from my purpose to inquire, what was the state and population of this country when we possessed no settlements? The answer is this: at the time Queen Elizabeth entered upon this government, the customs produced annually 36,000l. and the people were about 100,000. At the restoration, they were let to farm for 400,000l. and at the death of Queen Elizabeth, about 150,000l. and before the revolution the customs produced above 800,000l. All these advantages were, too, at a time when we obtained both our ships and our naval stores from other countries. In short, sir, I shall not pretend to estimate the advantages we derive from this part of our commerce, where above 1,000,000 of our fellow-subjects and upwards of 3,000 sail of ships are employed, for they are infinite!

Such is the condition of our states; and let any person doubt if he can the benefit we derive from them. Great as the benefits I have already stated seem, yet there is still another, which, in the opinion of some will perhaps weigh down all the rest, and seem itself sufficient to recommend it beyond every other acquisition. This benefit, sir, is Power, and that kind, which of all power is the most to be desired—the power of being independant. It appears to me from hence, sir, that if liberty, property, an equal government, a thriving state of learning, perfection in the arts and sciences, public and private independence, be certain and incontestible blessings, they are such and such only as commerce can bestow; and it is a subject that the more I reflect, the more I consider and meditate upon, the more I am satisfied that I cannot overrate the worth of it, but that I have done no more than plainly and fairly represented it.

Before I conclude, I must answer an objection which may probably be made—that, together with great benefits and blessings, there are also many destructive qualities attending a flourishing state of commerce, as luxury, contempt of virtue, and, in time, a total depravity of manners. That the best things may be corrupted, and when corrupted, become the worst, is not to be denied; yet this cannot be advanced as an argument that the best things are not to be obtained. Idleness and luxury spring from abundance, as abundance springs from trade; but sure it is unjust to make industry

answerable for any thing done by idleness and luxury. It is not commerce, therefore, that ever become either dangerous or injurious to any state, but errors in government corrupt and poison the advantages arising from it, and therefore the blame ought to fall upon those who practise the errors, and not upon commerce, which cannot be the cause, the clearest proof of which will be, to consider that were idleness and luxury to prevail, commerce must quickly fall, and therefore it is preposterous to suppose she can be the cause or support of that which would inevitably prove her destruction.

Islington, March 12, 1803.

The British Traveller.

NO. 12.

DESCRIPTION OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY W. WITTMAN, M. D.

THIS gentleman, from his official situation in the British military mission acting with the army under the grand vizier, in the late war in Egypt, had an opportunity of making considerable observations on the customs and manners of the Turks during his stay there; we have perused them with much interest, and shall give our reader his description of Constantinople and its suburbs.

This city (says Mr. Wittman), comprehending its suburbs, some of which are so large that

several authors have been led to consider them as distinct cities, is of very considerable extent. It is in the form of an unequal triangle, having one of its sides towards the sea of Marmora, another in front of the harbour, and the third towards the land. Being built on seven hills, on the sides of which the houses are placed, it has at a little distance the appearance of a vast amphitheatre, stretching itself over a very extensive territory. The mosques, or places of public worship (of which the principal one was the celebrated christian church of St. Sophia, which name it still retains), are numerous, and several of them very large. They are not provided with bells; but each of them has one or several minarets, on which the muczins, or criers, are stationed to call the people to prayers. These minarets bear a strong resemblance in their form to a tall candle having an extinguisher at its top.

Nothing can be grander or more beautifully picturesque than the external appearance of Constantinople and of its vicinity. Within it has less to recommend it, the houses being but indifferently built, and the streets very narrow.

The seraglio, or palace of the grand sultan, occupies the space on which the ancient city of Byzantium formerly stood, at the extremity of the angle formed by the sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus. It is by far the most beautiful part of Constantinople, the projecting land on which it stands being covered by groves of cypress trees, which give a sublime effect to

the magnificent buildings of which the palace is composed.

On the opposite side of the harbour, the towns, or, more properly speaking, suburbs of Galata, Pera, and Tophana, are situated ; and, on the Asiatic side, opposite the point of the seraglio, stands the town or suburb of Scrutari. From the great sloping of the hills on which they are placed, these suburbs have a very fine and romantic appearance, the houses seeming as if built tier upon tier. Being, however, principally constructed of wood, which is soon fretted and decayed by the intense heat of the sun in such a climate, the grandeur of the scene is diminished on a near approach. Between them cypress trees rear their lofty heads, and add greatly to the sublimity of the general effect. The cemeteries are also thickly planted with these trees, and the scene is thus rendered beautifully picturesque. In short, the external view of Constantinople, and of its environs, is at once sublime and pleasing ; and with this view the traveller ought to be content, since, on a nearer inspection, he will find little to gratify his curiosity or to excite his admiration.

The Bosphorus, a beautiful canal, or narrow sea, from a mile to a mile and a half in breadth, and about twenty miles in length, forms the communication between the Euxine, or Black Sea, and the sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis. In the formation of its banks, which are lofty, and lined with an exquisite variety of beautiful trees and shrubs, nature has been lavish in the extreme. Several villages are in-

terspersed ; and at the sea-side the grand seignor, the vizier, capitan pacha, &c. have elegant kiosques, or pleasure-houses for their summer residence. Throughout the whole extent of the canal the highest state of cultivation prevails, its shores being covered with vineyards, gardens, and orchards, containing a great diversity of the finest fruits. Were the Turks possessed of a taste at all proportionate to the advantages which this situation affords, and at the same time placed under a government similar to our own, the banks of the Bosphorus would become one of the most beautiful spots in the world. They at present lose all the beauties of the perspective from the eminences, their villages being built close to the canal side, with stages or landing places projecting over the water. There the inhabitants assemble, and remain for several hours together, smoking their pipes, and enjoying the cool refreshing breeze.

Upon the Bosphorus a great number of boats are constantly in motion : they are neat, and prettily decorated. The boatmen being very expert, they are rowed with great swiftness and address.

To return to Constantinople. Its population, which has been almost always over-rated, certainly does not exceed four hundred thousand souls ; and a great part of this population is absorbed by the suburbs, no Frank, or christian, being allowed to reside in the city properly so called. The Franks inhabit Galata and Pera, in the latter of which suburbs are the houses of

all the foreign ministers, who frequently give balls, concerts, and other entertainments to the Frank inhabitants. These entertainments are fully attended, more particularly by the Greeks, who are very fond of dancing. During the carnival there are masquerades, in which many of the characters are well supported.

The harbour of Constantinople is safe and commodious for shipping. The Turks pay great attention to the decoration of their ships of war. Yellow is the predominating colour with which the sides of their ships are painted. Their merchant vessels, which almost exclusively navigate the Black Sea, are named caicks. Great numbers of their vessels are lost through the ignorance and stupidity of the Turkish pilots, who scarcely ever venture out of sight of the land; and who, when they do, are almost always sure of encountering some accident.—The crews both of men of war and merchantmen are for the greater part composed of Greek sailors.

The economy and arrangement of the interior of the Turkish houses are deserving of notice. The apartments are in general gaudily ornamented, the ceilings being of different colours. In each of them a part is set aside for a raised platform, which is elevated about a foot from the floor, and is in width from five to six feet: on this platform mattresses covered with cloth or linen are laid, and cushions placed from one extremity to the other, so as to give the whole the appearance of one continued platform. On the floor a handsome mat is

spread. The windows are latticed but not glazed. Neither tables nor chairs constitute any part of the furniture, and indeed they would be superfluous, the Turks constantly sitting with their legs under them like taylors. When a Frank is introduced to a Turk of distinction, the latter does not rise to receive him, but his visit r advances towards him and bows, with his right hand placed on his breast, this being the customary mode of salutation for the Christians in their intercourse with the Mahometans. The Turk now waves his hand to his guest to sit down on the sopha, and the conversation is carried on through the medium of a dragoman, or interpreter. The uncovering of the head would appear as absurd to a Turk, as it would seem ridiculous elsewhere, if any one, in saluting another, was to take off his wig. The Turks, who are great smokers, are seldom without a pipe in the mouth.

In the streets of Constantinople there is an incredible number of dogs, which appear to be all of the same race, nearly resembling our shepherd's dog. They are a great nuisance. The howling of these hungry and half-starved animals during the night are truly hideous. As they have no masters to acknowledge them, and to administer to their wants, they have to seek their precarious subsistence abroad, which they rake up from among the filth thrown out from the houses. So defective, indeed, is the police in point of cleanliness, that these dogs and the vultures are the only scavengers in Constantinople. In the cemeteries, great num-

bers of doves (which the Turks do not attempt to molest) inhabit the cypress groves, and indeed swarm wherever these trees are planted.

The Turkish women are very fair; they cover the face (the eyes and part of the nose excepted) with a piece of white muslin; another piece of muslin envelopes the head: this part of their dress is styled *malvamâh*. In stature they are rather low and corpulent, the latter condition being much admired among themselves. They are usually clad in a long green garment, which hangs very low behind, with a square cape, resembling on the whole a riding dress, and it is called *feredgè*. They wear yellow boots with slippers over them, but the latter they take off on entering a house. They stain their finger-nails of a red colour, or, more properly speaking, of a very deep orange, with the dried leaves, diluted with water, of the henna, or Egyptian privet (*lewsonia inermis*, Lin.) a large shrub, which is much cultivated both in Turkey and in Egypt for this purpose.

The Turkish females always walk abroad by themselves; in fine weather they resort to some favourite spot without the towns, occupy the bank, or seat themselves on the tomb-stones in their cemeteries, where they sit quietly for hours together. They appear to lead a most indolent life, their recreations and exercises being extremely limited.

The Greek women have the face, which is beautiful and of an oval form, uncovered. Their eyes are black, as are also their eye-brows, to which, as well as to their eye-lids, they pay a

particular attention, rubbing them over, to bestow on them a deeper hue, with a leaden ore reduced to an impalpable powder, blended with an unctuous matter to give it consistence. Their complexion is generally pale. They wear their hair, which is of a great length, and of a deep shining black, in tresses, and sometimes turned back in a fanciful way on the head. In other instances it hangs loosely down the back, extending to the hips. They are commonly dressed in a pelice of silk, satin, or some other material: they are costly in their attire, in the choice of which they are not attached to any particular colour. On the head they wear a small cap. The dress of the men nearly resembles that of the Turks; but they are not allowed to wear the kowouk, or turban of white muslin, for which they are obliged to substitute the calpac, or blue turban, and none of the Greeks can wear yellow boots or slippers except those who are in the service of the foreign ministers, &c.

The Greek women marry at about the age of fifteen: they are short lived. At twenty-five they wrinkle and decay, bearing the appearance altogether of old women. They have fine children, who, however, partake of the palid complexion of the mothers. It is unquestionably to the too frequent use of the warm bath, to which the Greek women are so much habituated, that their very relaxed and debilitated state is to be ascribed; and this abuse, added to their natural indolence and their inaction, as certainly tends to shorten their lives.

During courtship, the Greek lover serenades his mistress either in front of her house, or from the water. On these occasions he recites, in a pathetic song, the warmth and sincerity of his passion, &c.

I was now confirmed in the observation I had made on my first arrival, that the streets of Constantinople are, without exception, narrow, ill paved, and dirty. Almost all the houses are built with windows projecting to the streets, which nearly touch those of their opposite neighbour's; this custom greatly obstructs the free circulation of air through the streets. The roofs of the houses are miserably ill covered; they are formed of a reddish tile, loosely put on without any fastening: occasionally loose stones are laid on here and there, but a cat running over the top of a house will frequently untile it, consequently they are wretchedly constructed for rainy or tempestuous weather. The external appearance of the houses is at the same time heavy and dismal, all the ornaments being reserved for the interior. I entered the outer court of the seraglio, beyond which strangers are not allowed to pass, and had a sight of the mint, where the workmen were busily employed. It is situated within the inclosure. The silver coin has been debased to a very extraordinary degree, the silver it contains having been progressively reduced to about thirty parts in an hundred, which adulteration, it is said, has been introduced in aid of the public revenue.

Great Public Characters.

NO. 9.

THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.

SIR Robert Jenkinson, his lordship's grandfather, married Sarah, daughter of Thomas Tomlins, Esq. of Bromley, in Kent, by whom he left issue Sir Robert Jenkinson, to whose title his lordship succeeded on his dying a bachelor in 1790... Mary, his second child, married Sir Jonathan Cope, bart. of Brewerne, in Oxfordshire, father of Sir Charles Cope... Sir Robert Jenkinson had several other children, and amongst them Charles Jenkinson, the father of the present earl... The present earl was born in 1729, being the issue of Col. Charles Jenkinson by his wife Ann Cornwall... In 1762, he married Amelia, daughter of governor Watts. This lady died in 1771, leaving issue by his lordship Robert Banks Jenkinson, lord Hawkesbury, born June 7th, 1770, and Frances, married to Lord Charles Fitzroy, son of the Duke of Grafton. In 1772, his lordship married, secondly, Catherine Cope, daughter of Sir Cecil Bishopp, bart, and widow of his lordship's first cousin Sir Charles Cope... By this lady his lordship has a son and a daughter, Charles Cecil Cope Jenkinson, born in 1774, and Charlotte Jenkinson, in 1785.

It has been objected that the genealogy of the Earl of Liverpool, is less full than that of the

greater part of our nobility of equal rank, but it is said that this nobleman is accustomed to boast in his hours of social hilarity, that he owes more to himself than to his father. It is added, that a person of the herald's office having sent a letter to his lordship, that he had discovered amongst some old records that the family of Jenkinson had come over with William the conqueror, the earl returned him for answer :

" Sir, if you want ten pounds, you may draw upon me for it, and be kind enough to begin my pedigree with my great grandfather."

In 1786, the services of this nobleman were first rewarded with a peerage, after he had previously passed through those offices which are usually considered as furnishing their possessor with a claim to such honors : he was created Lord Hawkesbury, Baron of Hawkesbury, in the county of Gloucester... Nor did the royal favor stop here ; it is the peculiar boast of the Earl of Liverpool, that he owes nothing to ministers, and the royal favor again advanced its most faithful adherent to a higher rank of peerage. In the year 1796 his ardor in the cause of monarchy against the principles of a revolution, which at that period menaced the constitution of this country, in common with the other governments of Europe, was rewarded with the earldom of Liverpool. At the same time he was authorized by His Majesty to quarter the arms of that city with those of his own family.

Nor is this nobleman's list of offices less full than the roll of his titles. In 1761 he was appointed under secretary of state. In 1762 he received the equally honorable and lucrative appointment of treasurer of the ordnance. In 1763 he was appointed joint secretary of state. In 1766 he was appointed by the princess mother, auditor of her royal highness's accounts. In 1767 he became a lord of the admiralty. In 1777 he was made a lord of the treasury. In 1779 he obtained the clerkship of the pells, and in the following year was appointed one of the lords of trade. Such is the account which is given of his lordship in the genealogical records of his titles and offices. The history of the several stages of his public life may perhaps justify the royal bounty for this distribution of its gifts.

The Earl of Liverpool received an education which, of all others, is best suited to those who propose public distinction as their goal of life. He was educated upon the foundation in the Charter-House, a public school, which, in its roll of illustrious members may almost rival Westminster or Eton. In the late attack upon public schools, from gratitude for what he had received from one of them, his lordship came forward in their support. As a full argument that this is his real opinion, the eldest son of the earl, the present Lord Hawkesbury, was educated in the same seminary as himself.

From the Charter-House the Earl of Liverpool, then Mr. Jenkinson, was removed to Oxford, being matriculated, as appears by the

college books, in the summer of 1750, and entered into a college of still less repute at that period than at the present day. It is not easy to assign the motive of this choice, except that **UNIVERSITY COLLEGE** is the one which is more peculiarly attached to the scholars of the Charter-House.

During the continuance of the administration of Lord Bute, and of his successor Mr. Grenville, (nominally only a different ministry) the Earl of Liverpool was advanced to the offices of secretary of state, and secretary of the treasury. He had previously distinguished himself in the house of commons as one of the most faithful adherents of the court.

The popular party, upon the termination of the Grenville ministry, had now become so strong, that the secret faction, called by pre-eminence the cabinet, was compelled to advance men to the vacant offices, who were most hostile to its general policy. In consequence, however, of its own strength, with some expectation of gaining or dividing the rival party, or with its usual art, giving way to the stream, and reserving its exertions for better times, it consented to the wishes of the people, and the Marquis of Rockingham, and his associates, became ministers.

Of all the 'king's friends,' (the name of distinction assumed by the peculiar party), the Earl of Liverpool and the Earl of Bute, and preserved, though happily with a great diminution of its former spirit to the present day, no one was more justly obnoxious to the Rockingham ad-

ministration than the Earl of Liverpool. He was accordingly stript of all his places, and treated with a contempt of which the characteristic good nature of the Rockingham administration furnishes no other example. The Earl of Bute had, indeed, about this period, retired in disgust to Scotland, but as he now wished to promote, through indignation and a spirit of rivalry, a system which he had hitherto maintained through prejudice and an education in a court, he was said to have appointed Mr. Jenkinson his deputy, and to have introduced him to his party as their future leader. From this time the Earl of Liverpool became the leader of the king's friends, and with the exception of the late Lord Mansfield, has been ever considered by his majesty as one of the most worthy pupils of the tories of the old school, and the *elevés* of the Earl of Bute.

The peculiar hatred of the Rockingham party must be further imputed to the singular favor with which the Earl of Liverpool was received by the princess mother. Upon the dissolution of the former ministries Mr. Jenkinson lost nothing of his influence with the princess dowager, he was received on the contrary with open arms, and in despite of the open remonstrances of the ministers, obtained the lucrative place of auditor of her royal highness's accounts.

It is needless to say that the princess dowager was no less celebrated for her political intrigues than for the worth of her private character, and that she was ever amongst the most faithful of the adherents of the Earl of Bute.

Upon the dismissal of the Rockingham administration, which attacked the system of the double cabinet with a force which it could not withstand, and from which, happily for the public good it has never yet recovered, the Earl of Liverpool again emerged, and was again admitted to his former intercourse with his majesty. The administration which succeeded that of the Marquis of Rockingham was one of the most singular ministries which the annals of the country can produce. The Earl of Chatham, and his colleagues, were the most decided enemies to the system of *favoritism*, but the earl had suffered himself to be persuaded to admit into his administration members of all parties. It could not be well supposed that a ministry like this could last beyond the moment, and it will ever remain a problem in the science of human character, that so wise a man as the Earl of Chatham could be so far the dupe of the secret faction as to submit to a weakness like this.

Lord North at length succeeded, and Mr. Jenkinson continued to encrease in favor. In 1777 he was raised to the office of lord of the treasury. Mr. Fox was at this time clerk of the pells in Ireland, but, from early prodigality, was compelled to put it up to sale. The Earl of Liverpool obtained it for himself. Through the whole progress of the American war the Earl of Liverpool remained the firm friend of the crown. He seldom indeed spoke in favor of the measures proposed, but never forgot to confirm them by his vote. From the habits of a

long life the earl has contracted a peculiar method of business,—he is always satisfied with doing what the subject requires, and therefore more frequently gives his vote than attends the debate. His parliamentary duties are usually discharged by proxy, and thus, though the earl has little to say to the debate, no one is more active in the decision.

It is unnecessary to add that the earl was one of the most zealous members of the late, and consequently, the present administration. Indeed, it appears, the peculiar characteristic of the political species called ‘king’s friends,’ to make a part of every administration, and like a peculiar appendage to the suite of majesty, to continue unchanged throughout all the storms of the world of politics.

Such has been the political course of the Earl of Liverpool, a life which his adversaries must confess to be equally active, and faithful to its first principles.

If the drama of life may be judged by the same rules which a great critic has applied to poetry, if the ‘*usque ad finem qualis ab initio processerit*’ be equally the highest praise of both, it is impossible to deny that the Earl of Liverpool is entitled to a more than common portion of applause. Following the precepts of the philosopher, he appears, in his entrance upon the stage of life, to have proposed to himself a certain model of courtly perfection, and if we do not mistake, that model was no other than the celebrated Earl of Bute. It must be confessed that, with the mantle of this noble-

man, the Earl of Liverpool appears to have received the spirit; and if the modern philosophy, amongst its other absurdities, admitted the doctrine of the Pythagorean transmigration, we should not be surprised if the congenial minds of the Earl of Liverpool, and of the late Earl of Bute, should be produced as an unanswerable argument for the hypothesis.

ORIGINAL LETTERS,

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

NO. 6.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following letter, which I received last year from a person of strict piety, and upon whose veracity I can most implicitly rely, you will probably judge worthy of a place in your miscellany. The account which it contains of two remarkable acts of Providence deserves to be recorded in more durable monuments. In a letter which I had written to my friend about a fortnight before I received the following, I had mentioned a family known to him, whom I had found in great consternation the day preceding, entirely from a notion that something lamentable would ere long happen to them. It seems that about ten years ago a favorite servant had died, and that two days be-

fore that circumstance a pigeon of a particular colour had been observed to make frequent efforts to get in at the window of a certain bedroom in the house ; that from that time till the year 1802 no death had happened in the family. Early, however, in that year, one of the family was cut off in the midst of health and strength, I can hardly say by a sudden death, but I certainly may say by a very rapid disease ; and it is surely remarkable, if nothing more, that two days before this melancholy event took place, a pigeon of the same description was seen by the same person, who saw it ten years before, to make an attempt to get in at the same window, until it actually effected its purpose by breaking the glass. The day upon which I paid them a visit, a pigeon had been seen a third time making similar efforts at the window, which so alarmed the whole family that they did not regain their spirits for some time. I ought to add, however, that nothing has since happened which they could possibly suppose was predicted by the third appearance of the pigeon. I have not related this from any superstitious notions, but thought it necessary to premise so far, in order to elucidate the cause which introduced the following remarkable particulars in my friend's letter, which I now send you, though he does not suffer me to subscribe his name.

ANTIQUARIUS.

Oxford, June 9, 1803.

I. W. C. to ———, Oxford.

DEAR,

Northampton, Nov. 23, 1802.

YOUR letter of the 8th instant reached me in due course of post ; nor could it have conveyed to me more pleasing intelligence than what you say respecting our friends J. W. and R. I rode to Wellingborough last week to give Mrs. R. the information, which I need not add she was more than delighted to hear. You will be grieved to hear that Mrs. Francis continues to grow worse, every day her complaint seems to gain ground, and a more ghostly spectacle I do not remember ever to have seen than she is at length become. But amidst all her afflictions, her mind preserves that calm serenity which always was habitual to her ; and as death evidently draws very near, a contented and christian resignation to the divine will seems her greatest aim.

I was sorry to hear of the dispirited and discontented state in which you found Mr. G.'s family, and wonder that reason did not get the better of such idle notions. I am aware that they have suffered very severely from the death of poor Frederic, which makes them more susceptible of such impressions. For my part, though I am far from disbelieving that Providence does not occasionally interpose, in some extraordinary cases, to give a presentiment of what is about to happen, yet I certainly think, that to give way to such unfounded suppositions only argues a want of proper dependance upon

the Divine Being. Two remarkable circumstances have come under my cognizance within these few years, which I cannot but consider as extraordinary interpositions. You must remember to have heard of the horrid murder committed at Maidwell, about nine miles from this town, something more than five years ago, upon a young woman who lived in the capacity of a dairy-maid to a very respectable farmer of that place. I have been informed by her master, upon whose word I can rely, that, from some presentiment that something bad was about to happen to her, the poor girl dared not to be left alone for some days before the murder was committed; and particularly the day before she suffered, being engaged in washing with some other women, she could scarcely refrain from tears during the whole of the day, though at that time in perfect health, and before remarkable for her flow of spirits. She attributed it, as I understand, to a dream which she had some nights before her death, but appeared somewhat better on the unfortunate morning; when, upon going out to milk the cows under a hovel in the yard, she was found, in less than half an hour from the time she had been seen by her fellow-servants, cruelly murdered!

The other circumstance is as remarkable.—The wife of a poor labourer at Welford, in Northamptonshire, a few years ago, was greatly alarmed for her second son, who was then in perfect health and spirits. I am credibly informed, that for more than a fortnight before his

death she had frequently told him of her great apprehension that something lamentable was about to take place, and her fears seemed wholly concerning him. The boy went about his work as usual, and each night the mother was so anxious for his return that she frequently went to meet him, though she had never shewn this anxiety or expressed any alarm till about three weeks before his death. She was particularly urgent that he should not go to work on the morning upon which it happened ; but her intreaties with the father did not prevail, as the boy seemed to be apprehensive of no danger, and no good reason could be alledged why he should be kept at home. About 12 o'clock in the day a noise was heard in the street, and the unfortunate mother looking out of her cottage-door, was told that a boy was either hurt or killed, upon which she exclaimed, " It is my boy ! It is my boy ! " which were the last words she spoke, for after continuing in a fit of insensibility, between life and death, for half an hour, she expired. It appears that the boy had been driving a cart to a gravel-pit, and that, upon going the second time, a large quantity of gravel gave way, which falling upon him, killed him on the spot. The boy and his mother were buried in one grave on the next Saturday evening.—This fact is well known to all the inhabitants of that and the neighbouring villages. Such circumstances as these, the authenticity of which I cannot doubt, certainly appear extraordinary ; but that we should attend to every screech-owl we hear, and pretend

that future events are predicted by such trifles, is ridiculous and absurd. I hope you gave them some rational advice on the subject.

My kind regards attend all friends, and congratulations our successful ones; and believe me, with unalterable esteem,

Your faithful and affectionate

I. W. C.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM persuaded you will not deem the following letter an unacceptable communication, as it has not, to my knowledge, ever been made public.

FIDELIS.

From the Rev. Dr. G. Horne, President of Magdalen College, Oxford (and afterwards Bishop of Norwich), to the Rev. Mr. Jennings, Pall-Mall, London.

DEAR SIR,

Mag. Col. Oxford, April 28, 1784.

UPON my return hither, on Tuesday last, from London, I found your letter, dated at Frome, in Somersetshire, lying upon my table, and read with much vexation that you proposed being in town on the 24th, since I had so fair an opportunity of enjoying your company for a few hours at least, which, from being entirely ignorant that you was then so near me, I neglected to improve. You say, however, that

your stay in London will not be very short : I may venture to hope it will be three or four weeks ; and perhaps before that time is expired I may be again called up to officiate, and in that case shall not fail to wait upon you in Pall-Mall as soon after my arrival as I can with convenience. These sudden and unexpected calls disturb and disconcert me much. My health (praised be God) is tolerable—I have nothing to complain of on that head. But altogether I cannot fancy myself adequate to these undertakings, and therefore find them unpleasant.—Great offers and promises are held out to me : God only knows whether the fulfilling of them will be really profitable to me in my best and highest concerns ; the matter is before him—may he decide for me, and may he prosper or thwart my future expectations as he shall of his infinite wisdom see best.

I have wished, my dear friend, for several months I have very anxiously wished to see you. I do not like to pay compliments, but, without paying any compliment, I may say, that there are very few from whose conversation and friendly advice I receive more real benefit than from your own. I say I wish much to see you, and in the former part of my letter I hinted a probability of my being in London in the course of a fortnight or three weeks : but I wish you by no means to trust to that contingency, and as it is merely a contingency, if you trust to it, you will very possibly be disappointed. I will persuade you rather to come hither, and

spend a few days with us; you know with what gladness I should receive you. As the roads are now so good, the weather so fine, and the distance by no means formidable, let my persuasion, I pray you, have its effect. I am aware of the many engagements which occupy your time, and the many arts which your kind friends in London will use to detain you: but if you can so arrange the former, and resist the latter, as to remove the severe regret which I felt upon being informed that I had missed you in London, you will afford me real satisfaction.

Our cordial regards attend you. If you can possibly accept my proposal, give us a line; and believe me, my dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate

G. HORNE.

*A Letter from the Rev. T. M. of Handsworth,
near Birmingham, to Miss Phebe Broadhurst,
of Islington, near London.*

DEAR MISS,

May 20, 1803.

THERE is nothing more amiable in the eyes of God than true religion; but alas! how awfully it is mistaken! Some would represent it as if it were productive of gloom and despair; whereas "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Dr. Young beautifully remarks, "'Tis impious in a good man to be sad:" the sinner has great

reason to fear, but the man of integrity may stand unappalled "amidst the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

Whilst therefore, on the one hand, the superstitious will impose on himself and others, what God never commanded; through an excess of devotion, the enthusiast depends on an overheated imagination, and whilst he conceives himself the favorite of the Almighty, pours anathemas on all around him. Whereas the religion which comes from above is "first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." In fine, if it were disseminated on earth, it would produce a state free from all war and contention—civil and religious society would feel its blessed and happy effects.

Having been lately present at the missionary meetings in town, I lamented very much the want of that order in the worship of God which is so essential to true religion. The services were protracted to such an uncommon length, that the congregations appeared very much fatigued, especially on a certain night, when the sermon was no less, by the clock, than two hours long: the auditors indeed desired its conclusion, and appeared very much pleased when it was finished. Some would not stay so long, but went to neighbouring houses to take refreshment. Indeed my mind was so much tired, that I clearly perceived that excess in religious services is very injurious.

There is nothing, Miss, in true religion but is productive of order, peace, and happiness; whereas superstition, enthusiasm, and infidelity are productive of certain misery. Every thing is beautiful in its season: there is a time for relaxation as well as devotion; a time for joy as well as sorrow; a time to mix with the multitude of the city as well as enjoy the sweets of retirement and the charms of domestic life.

That you may partake of the pleasures of true religion is the desire of

Your sincere friend,

T. M.

ANGELICA, OR THE MUNIFICENT HEIRESS.

BY W. HAYLEY, ESQ.

ANGELICA was the only child of a worthy gentleman, who, losing his wife and dying himself during the infancy of his daughter, left her, with an estate of about 1000*l.* a year, to the care of his most intimate friend, a man of great integrity and benevolence, with a moderate fortune and a numerous family. Angelica grew up in the most affectionate intimacy with all the children of her excellent guardian; but her favorite friend was his eldest daughter, whom we will call Faustina. She was born in the same year with Angelica, and possessed the same intelligent sweetness of temper, with the additional advantages of a beautiful countenance and a majestic person. Angelica had never any

claim to either of these perfections. Her stature was rather below the common size, and her features, though softened by modesty, and animated by a lively understanding, were neither regular nor handsome; but, from the tenor of her life it may be questioned if any female ever possessed a more beautiful soul. At the age of twenty-three she continued to reside in the house of her guardian; when a young man of pleasing person, and most engaging manners (to whom we will give the name of Eumenes), became a very assiduous visitor at that house. He was a man of the fairest character, but of a narrow fortune; and many good people, who supposed him enamoured of Angelica's estate, began to censure the guardian of that lady for encouraging the preliminary steps to so unequal a match: they even foretold, as Eumenes was particularly attentive to Angelica, and often alone with her, that the young gentleman would soon settle himself in life, by eloping with the heiress. Her guardian, who governed all his household by gentleness and affection, had too much confidence in his ward to apprehend such an event; but he began to think that a serious and mutual passion was taking root in the bosom of each party—an opinion in which he was confirmed by observing, that while his daughter was engaged in a distant visit of some weeks, Eumenes continued to frequent the house with his usual assiduity, and seemed to court the society of Angelica. The old gentleman was, however mistaken in one part of his conjecture, for Eumenes only sought the company of Ange-

lica as the sensible friend of his absent favorite ; but as he had not yet confessed his love, the gentle Angelica, like her guardian, misinterpreted his assiduity, and conceived for him the tenderest affection, which, with her usual frankness, she determined to impart to her dear Faustina as soon as she returned. From this resolution she was accidentally diverted by a joyous confusion which discovered itself both in the features and behaviour of Faustina, who, on the very day of her return, eagerly put a letter into the hand of Angelica, and requested her to read it in her chamber, while she flew to converse with her father on its important contents. The letter was from Eumenes. It contained a passionate declaration of his attachment to Faustina, and a very romantic plan to facilitate their speedy marriage. What the feelings of Angelica must have been on the perusal of this letter I shall leave the lively female imagination to suppose, and only say, that, having subdued all traces of her own painful emotion, before Faustina had finished her conference with her father, she entered their apartment. She found her friend in tears, and the benevolent old gentleman endeavouring to make his agitated daughter smile again, by treating the proposal as a jest, and declaring that he would consent to the union of two tender romantic lovers as soon as they could marry without a prospect of starving, which, he said, from the expectations of Eumenes, they might possibly accomplish in the course of twenty years ! The generous Angelica instantly became the patroness of Eumenes

and Faustina: she interceded for their being allowed to form the happiness of each other; and to obviate every parental objection to the match, she insisted on settling half her fortune on them, with a proposal of becoming a part of their family.

The guardian of Angelica treated her romantic idea with a mixture of admiration and ridicule. Eumenes and Faustina regarded it with the most serious gratitude, but at the same time rejected the too generous offer with a resolution so noble and sincere, that it increased the ardent desire which Angelica felt to make her own easy fortune the sole instrument of their general happiness. But all her liberal efforts for this purpose were as liberally opposed, and the most she could obtain was a promise from her guardian to allow the lovers to cherish their affection for each other, and to marry as soon as Eumenes (who had just taken orders) should obtain preferment sufficient to support a wife. This, however, was an event which the worthy father of Faustina had not the happiness of seeing: he died in the following year; and Angelica, who had no longer any controul to apprehend in the management of her fortune, renewed her former generous proposal to her friends. They persevered in their magnanimous refusal of her bounty; though some family circumstances made them peculiarly anxious to settle together as soon as possible on any slender provision. An event, however, soon happened, which enabled them to marry without any trespass on the rules of economical

discretion. Eumenes was unexpectedly presented to one of the most valuable livings in the kingdom by a nobleman, who professed to give it him in consequence of a juvenile and almost forgotten friendship with his deceased father. This surprising stroke of good fortune made the lovers and their sympathetic friend completely happy. The wedding was soon adjusted. Angelica settled herself in a pleasant villa within a few miles of the wealthy rector, who was surrounded in a few years with a very promising family. She shared and contributed not a little to the happiness of her friends, being frequently at their house, and when she returned to her own, being constantly accompanied by one or two of the little ones. She had a peculiar delight, and was singularly skilful in the cultivation of young minds. She rejected several offers of marriage, and her general answer was, that she would never change her state, because she already enjoyed the highest pleasure that human life can bestow; in the share which her friends allowed her to take in the education of their lovely children. Eumenes and Faustina vied with each other in doing justice to the virtues and talents of this admirable woman; and through many years of the most familiar and friendly intercourse with her, they continued to regard her with increasing esteem: yet she had some secret merits, to which they were utter strangers till death had robbed them for ever of her engaging society.

About four years ago the excellent Angelica contracted an epidemical fever, and departed to

a better world at the age of forty-seven. She left the bulk of her fortune to be divided equally among the children of Faustina; and there was found, in a little cabinet which contained her will, the following extraordinary letter to that lady.

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

“HAVING enjoyed your entire confidence from our infancy, I think myself bound to apologize to you for having returned it, during several years, with disguise and delusion. Be not startled at this surprising intelligence—but why do I say startled? The moments for such terror will be past, and you will be able to feel only a melancholy tenderness towards your beloved Angelica, when you read this paper, as it is not to reach you till she is no more!—perhaps it will never reach you; yet I hope it will. I pray to Heaven that you may survive me, and in that comfortable expectation I shall here pour forth to you my whole heart.

“You may remember that when we were first enlivened by the acquaintance of Eumenes I was often rallied on his attention to me; as that attention was sufficient to mislead the vanity of any girl, I need not blush in confessing to you its effect on me—I forgot, in your absence, the superiority of your attractions; and credulously supposing that the affection of Eumenes was settled on myself, I hastily gave him my heart. As I never designed, however, that this foolish heart should hide any of its foibles from my Faustina, I was preparing to tell you the true

state of it, when you imparted to me the surprising important letter which declared the wiser choice of Eumenes—yes, my dear, I say sincerely the wiser choice, and shall prove it so. Remember that I am now speaking as from the grave, and you will not then suspect me of flattery. But to return to that heart-searching letter: I will confess to you that I wept bitterly for some minutes as soon as I had first perused it. I felt as a child who, having built, for the first time, a castle of cards, sees it suddenly overthrown. But my heart soon corrected the errors of my vain imagination: I began to commune with my own soul; I said to myself—“Why am I thus mortified? What is my wish? Is it not to see and make Eumenes happy? And is not this still in my power—not indeed as a wife, since he has judiciously chosen a lovely girl much more likely to succeed in that character; but still, as the friend of two excellent creatures, formed for each other, and equally dear to me.” It was thus that I reasoned with myself. My benevolence and my pride were highly flattered in this self-debate, and it gave me spirit to act towards you both in the manner you well remember. It hurt me much to find that my darling proposal for your speedy union was thwarted so long—shall I say by your nobleness of nature, or by your false delicacy? I believe I called it, at the time, by the latter name, being thoroughly persuaded that, in your condition, I would have accepted from you the offer which I made. At length, however, the time arrived in which I was enabled to accom-

plish, in a manner unknown to you, the darling object of my ambition.

Allow me, my dearest friends, to boast, in this paper, that I have been the invisible architect of the happiness which we have now enjoyed together for many years. It was the unseen hand of your Angelica that made you the happy wife of Eumenes, by placing him in that preferment to which his virtues have given him so just a title. How I was fortunately enabled to make and to conceal so desirable a purchase you will perfectly comprehend from the collection of papers which I shall leave in the cabinet, with my will and this letter. As long as the discovery could wound your honest pride, by a load of imaginary obligations, I determined never to make it; but, so strange is human pride, we are never hurt by the idea of obligation to the dead—and remember, as I said once before, that I am now speaking from the grave. By this conduct I am humouring, at one and the same time, both your pride and my own; for I will here avow, that I am very ambitious of increasing, after my death, that pure and perfect regard which ye have both shewn, through the course of many social years, to your living Angelica. But while I am thus soliciting an increase of your affection, let me guard that very affection from one painful excess. I know you both so well that I am almost sure you will exclaim together, on first reading these papers—“ Good God! what a generous creature; to make such a sacrifice of herself for our sakes!” But, affectionate as these expressions may be,

they will be far from just. Be assured, my dear friends (and I now speak the language of sober reason) I have made no sacrifice; so far from it, I am convinced, from a long and serious survey of human life, that the most selfish and worldly beings could not have pursued any system more conducive to their own private interest and advantage than mine has been. You will agree with me in this truth, when I impart to you some of my own philosophical remarks. I will begin with one of the most important, and it will surprise you—it is this: I am thoroughly convinced that I should not have been happy had I been, what I once ardently hoped to be, the wife of Eumenes. Hear my reason, and subscribe to its truth. Amiable as he is, he is a little hasty in his temper; and this circumstance would have been sufficient to make us unhappy: for even supposing that I had been able to treat it with the indulgent good sense of his gentle Faustina, yet all the good-humour that I could have put, on such occasions, into my homely visage, would have had but a slow effect in suppressing those frequent sparks of irritation, which are extinguished in a moment by one of her lovely smiles. Take it, my dear, as one of my maxims, that every man of hasty spirit ought to have a very handsome wife; for though sense and good temper in the lady may be the essential remedies for this masculine foible, yet, believe me, their operation is quickened tenfold by the heart-piercing light of a beautiful countenance. I was led to this remark, by a very painful scene which once pass-

ed between Eumenes and me. He was angry with me for taking the part of his son Charles, in a little dispute between them ; and though I argued the point very calmly, he said sharply, after the boy had quitted the room, that I shewed indeed much fondness to the child, but no true friendship to the father ! The expression stung me so deeply that I no longer retained a perfect command over my own temper ; and to convince him of the truth and the extent of that friendship which he arraigned so unjustly, I should certainly have betrayed the darling secret of my life, which I had resolved to keep inviolate to the end of my days, had not the sudden appearance of my dear Faustina suggested to me all the affectionate reasons for my secrecy, and thus restored me to myself. Her smiles now shewed their very great superiority over my arguments : for, almost without the aid of words, but with a sweetness of manner peculiar to herself, she reconciled, in a few minutes, the too hasty father, not only to poor Charles, but to the more childish Angelica.— This, I believe, was the only time that I was in danger of betraying a secret which I had, I think, judiciously imposed upon myself ; for my disguise on this point, as it equally consulted our mutual pride and delicacy (whether true or false delicacy, no matter), has, I conceive, been very favorable to our general happiness—to my own, I am sure it has. In all those moments of spleen or depression, to which, I believe, every mortal is in some degree subject, nothing has relieved me so much as the animating re-

collection, that I have been the unknown architect of my friends' felicity—there is something angelic in the idea, supremely flattering to the honest pride of a feeling heart. Yet, pleased as I have ever been with the review of my own conduct, which the world might deride as romantic, I would by no means recommend it to another female in my situation; not from an idea that she might not be as disinterested as myself, but lest, in her friend, she should not find a Faustina: for it has not been my own virtue, but the virtues of my lovely inimitable friend which have given full success to my project. Had my Faustina and Eumenes lived, like many other married folks, in scenes of frequent bickering or debate, I should, I doubt not, like many other good spinsters, who are witnesses of such connubial altercation, have entertained the vain idea that I could have managed the temper of the lordly creature much better, and of course should have been very restless that I was not his wife: but, to do full justice to the uncommon merits of my incomparable Faustina, I here most solemnly declare to her, I never, since her marriage, beheld or thought of her and Eumenes without a full persuasion that Heaven had made them for each other.—But it is high time to finish this singular confession, in which perhaps I have indulged myself too long. I will only add my prayers, that Heaven may continue health and human happiness to my two friends beyond the period assigned to my mortal existence; and that whenever I may cease to enjoy their friend-

ship on earth, they will tenderly forget all the foibles, and mutually cherish the memory of their affectionate

“ANGELICA.”

This generous old maid displayed, also, in her will, which she composed herself, many touching marks of her affectionate spirit. The house in which she resided she left as a little legacy to Faustina, and requested her friends to remove into it, on her decease, that Faustina might not be exposed to a more painful removal, if she should happen to survive her husband. As she knew that a compliance with this request would lead her friends into some depressive sensations, she contrived to furnish them with an engaging, though melancholy occupation, by requesting them to build a kind of monument to herself, under the form of a little temple to friendship, on a favorite spot in the garden.

Nothing perhaps can equal the uncommon generosity of Angelica but the tender and unaffected sorrow with which her loss has been lamented. The most trivial of her requests has been religiously observed, and the whole family of Eumenes seem to think no pleasure equal to that of doing justice to her merit, and proclaiming their unexampled obligations to their departed friend.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

SOLUTION.

ENIGMA in No. 12.—An Eclipse.

ENIGMA FOR SOLUTION.

WITHIN some cloister'd walls I dwell,
Confined in my gloomy cell;
Secluded from the world's vain noise,
To taste the pure delightful joys
That from a life retired flows,
To sooth our griefs and heal our woes.—
Reverse me, and I'm still the same,
So to the world declare my name.

AN ACROSTIC.

VIEW blooming spring in gay attire,
And search creation round,
Unto Apollo's tuneful lyre
Gives soft seraphic sound:
Hear such delight from ANNA's voice,
Augusta's sons would charm;
No rude affected manners see,
Nor aught but love's alarm.

PLILO.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BONAPARTE AT THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.

THE court of St. Cloud presents a very curious object to our notice. The antient etiquette of Versailles is established there in its most minute details ; to which are added an endless variety of forms, calculated for no other purpose but the security of the first consul, and which were not thought of at that better period when the depository of power was guarded by the legitimacy of its rights and the love of the people.

Six posts, of thirty men each, occupy the space from the entrance of the park to the very walls of the castle, which no one can approach without shewing to the commanding officers of these posts a card, signed Duroc, governor of the palaces. These cards, at the same time, are issued to those only who are attached to the service of the consul and Madame Bonaparte, who are admitted to the honor of their intimacy or are called to a particular audience. The name and signature of the bearer of these cards are inscribed on the back of them. They are granted but for a limited time, and their form and colour are changed every two months.

After a most rigid examination by the commanding officer of each post, a soldier attached to the last post accompanies you to the prefect on duty, where a particular ticket is delivered,

which describes your business at the castle, the gate by which you must enter, the name of the domestic to which you must address yourself, and that of the valet de chambre whose office it is to introduce strangers into that part of the castle to which he is appointed. From that moment you are carefully watched, and whether you go to the consul himself, or to Madame Bonaparte, or any person attached to their service; or if you walk in the park, you are constantly watched by the man mentioned in the ticket of admission.

Certain persons attached to the service of Mad. Bonaparte bear the messages which she addresses to the first consul. When that lady wishes to pass the threshold of her husband's chamber, she must announce her intention by the prefect of the palace, who himself dares not enter into the cabinet of the consul but when he finds the door of the anti-chamber open.

When the consul enters the saloon of audience, he is announced by the antient ceremony of the *Œil de Bœuf*; nay it is even performed with more state, as it is the prefect on duty who announces him in an elevated voice. The Hussiers immediately arrange the persons present, so as to keep them at a considerable distance, and it is absolutely forbidden to approach or accost the consul. His aides-de-camp form themselves in a semi-circle, and attend closely on him; they follow him as he moves, but always retire a little when he appears to be speaking confidentially to any one. While he moves round the circle, the Hussiers range along the

outside of it, to observe the motions of every individual of the assembly. Those to whom the secret etiquette has been communicated, are seen to keep their hands almost without a symptom of motion. When the audience is finished, the consul retires without saluting the company, or even his consul brethren.

MONTESQUIEU.

A YOUNG man, named Robert, sat alone in his boat in the harbour of Marseilles. A stranger had stepped in and taken his seat near him, but quickly rose again, observing, that, since the master had disappeared, he would take another boat. "This, sir, is mine," said Robert; "would you sail without the harbour?"—"I meant only to move about in the bason, and enjoy the coolness of this fine evening. But I cannot believe you are a sailor."—"Nor am I: yet on Sundays and holidays I act the barge-man, with a view to make up a sum."—"What! covetous at your age! your looks had almost prepossessed me in your favor."—"Alas! sir, did you know my situation, you would not blame me."—"Well, perhaps I am mistaken; let us take our cruise of pleasure, and acquaint me with your history."

The stranger having resumed his seat, the dialogue, after a short pause, proceeded thus: "I perceive, young man, you are sad—what grieves you thus?"—"My father, sir, groans in fetters, and I cannot ransom him. He earned

a livelihood by petty brokerage, but in an evil hour embarked for Smyrna, to superintend in person the delivery of a cargo, in which he had a concern. The vessel was captured by a Barbary corsair, and my father was conducted to Tetuan, where he is now a slave. They refuse to let him go for less than 2000 crowns, a sum which far exceeds our scanty means.—However, we do our best—my mother and sisters work day and night—I ply hard at my stated occupation of a journeyman jeweller, and, as you perceive, make the most of Sundays and holidays. I had resolved to put myself in my father's stead; but my mother, apprised of my design, and dreading the double privation of a husband and only son, requested the Levant captains to refuse me a passage.”—“Pray do you ever hear from your father? under what name does he pass, or what is his master's address?”—“His master is overseer of the royal gardens at Fez, and my father's name is Robert at Tetuan, as at Marseilles.”—Robert—overseer of the royal gardens?”—“Yes, sir.”—“I am touched with your misfortunes—but venture to predict their termination.”

Night drew on apace. The unknown, upon landing, thrust into young Robert's hand a purse containing eight double louis d'ors, with ten crowns in silver, and instantly disappeared.

Six weeks had passed since this adventure, and each returning sun bore witness to the unremitting exertions of the good family. As they sat one day at their unsavory meal of bread and dried almonds, old Robert entered

the apartment in a garb little suited to a fugitive prisoner, tenderly embraced his wife and children, and thanked them with tears of gratitude for the fifty louis d'ors they had remitted to him on his sailing from Tetuan, his free passage, and a comfortable supply of wearing apparel. His astonished relatives eyed one another in silence. At length Madame Robert, suspecting her son had secretly concerted the whole plan, recounted the various instances of his zeal. "Six thousand livres," continued she, "is the sum we wanted, and we have already procured somewhat more than the half, owing chiefly to his industry. Some friends, no doubt, have assisted him upon an emergency like the present." A gloomy suggestion crossed the father's mind. Turning suddenly to his son, and eying him with the sternness of distraction, "Unfortunate boy," exclaimed he, "what have you done—how can I be indebted to you for my freedom and not regret it? How could you effect my ransom without your mother's knowledge, unless at the expence of virtue? I tremble at the thought of filial affection having betrayed you into guilt. Tell the truth at once, and let us all die if you have forfeited your integrity.—" "Calm your apprehensions, my dearest father," cried the son, embracing him, "no, I am not unworthy of such a parent, though fortune has denied me the satisfaction of proving the full strength of my attachment: I am not your deliverer, but I know who is. Recollect, mother, the unknown gentleman who gave me the purse. He was particular

in his inquiries. Should I pass my life in the pursuit I must endeavour to meet with him, and invite him to contemplate the fruits of his beneficence." He then related to his father all that had passed in the pleasure-boat, and removed every distressing suspicion.

Restored to the bosom of his family, Robert again partook of their joys, prospered his dealings, and saw his children comfortably established. At last, on a Sunday morning, as his son sauntered on the quay, he recognized his benefactor, clasped his knees, and entreated him as his guardian angel, as the saviour of a father and of a family, to share the happiness of his own creation. The stranger again disappeared in the crowd—but, reader, this stranger was MONTESQUIEU !

THE CELEBRATED EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

THE Earl of Shaftesbury, the author of "The Characteristics," has been frequently mentioned as one of the most moral characters of the day. It is certain that a natural apathy supplied the place of virtuous propensity, and that his lordship was just only because both fortune and nature united to render him little susceptible of temptation. His apathy, however, in his latter years, wholly deserted him, and left him the most odious and contemptible of men. The late Dr. Berkeley was frequently told by his father, the Bishop, that so lamentably ill-tempered was he in the latter stage of his life,

that when any company arrived, his lady used to post out of the room and conjure them for her sake to assent to every thing her lord asserted, or it would throw him into a paroxysm of rage which might kill him."

A SINGULAR PASSAGE FROM PLINY.

IT is a well known, but somewhat ill-natured remark, of the satirists, that none are such bitter enemies to each other as the learned. It is still more singular, however, that they should object to each other as a foible what each in himself considers as his peculiar excellence.—In one of the epistles of Pliny is a curious definition of a learned man, "*adhuc scholasticus est, quo genere hominum nihil aut est simplicius, aut sincerius, aut melius, nam ob commune bonum vitam sibi abbreviant.*"—"He is yet a scholar, than which kind of men there is nothing so simple, so sincere, and so harmless, they consent to shorten their lives for the common good, and therefore in despite of their absurdities, and ignorance of the forms of life should be indulgently endured."—Who would suspect that this contemptuous definition of a learned man was written by one of the most learned of the Romans? It must be confessed however that he was at the same time the most polite, or in the language of modern times, the most accomplished gentleman of his age. Nor can it be denied that the description is in some degree merited. It is thus related of the celebrated

Thomas of Aquinas that he was at once the most applauded in the schools and the most laughed at in the intercourse of common life of all his cotemporaries. It is told of him, that being at supper with the King of France, he suddenly struck down the table with a knock of his fist, exclaiming, "conclusum est contra Manicheos"—"The Manichæans cannot get over this argument."

IMITATORS OF LUCIAN.

Is it not singular, that whilst every man of genius and letters, from the revival of learning to the present day, proposes to himself as his model one of the classic writers, Lucian, one of the most eminent, and doubtless the most pleasing of them all, cannot boast of a single imitator? This is still more singular, as Lucian is at the head of a species of Belles Lettres; and is indeed the only one amongst the classic writers, who appears to have the slightest conception of what, by the critics of modern times, is called wit. Rabelais amongst the French, mentions himself, and with justice, as the only imitator which Lucian can boast, from the time of that author to himself. The English cannot produce a single writer who has followed this example of the laughter-loving Rabelais. A now forgotten dialogue, Lexiphanes, was written a few years ago, in imitation of the general style of Lucian: the subject of it was a raillery of the learned and elaborate Lexicon of Dr. Johnson, at that time publishing. Tho'

the dialogue is not wholly without merit, it is rather a caricature of the more prominent style, than a just imitation of Lucian. The paper of Menippus in the Spectator, by Addison, is the best imitation of Lucian which our language can produce. It is equally humourous and chaste. The English reader may form some conception of the general manner of Lucian, by a short abstract of the contents of one of his dialogues. The intent of this author in one of these dialogues, is to ridicule the doctrine of Pythagoras, that of the transmigration of souls. With this purpose he introduces a cock, who remonstrates with most exquisite humour, against having his head wrung off; assuring his astonished master, that he was no other than Pythagoras himself. The cobbler, the master of the cock, requests him to explain himself, and first demands how he thus suddenly obtained the gift of speech? The cock replies in a parody upon the lines in Homer, where the horses of Achilles are made to speak; and thus gives a species of side-blow to Homer himself. Satisfied upon this point, the cobbler demands an explanation upon the other; the cock answers him by entering upon the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; and argues the subject with a mock gravity, peculiar to Lucian. The dialogue continues in this strain, and the author contrives in the course of it, to rally the philosophers of the day. Here, however, he is frequently unintelligible, and from our ignorance of the peculiar subject to which he alludes, the greater part of his humour is lost.

FASHIONS.

FULL DRESSES.—1. A short robe and petticoat of white crape over white sarsnet, the petticoat made very long and trimmed round the bottom with silver *chefts*; the robe made short in front with a handkerchief corner behind, the fronts drawn full across the bosom, and looped down with a diamond ornament; the sleeves short and plain, with full epaulets, the whole trimmed with silver or gold *chefts*. A bandeau of diamonds or pearls through the hair, with a whole bird of Paradise feather fixed on the right side.—2. A dress of patent net worked with gold, the body plain and very low drawn round the bosom with a lace tucker. The sleeves ornamented with gold cord and tassels; the whole ornamented with gold trimming; the hair dressed and ornamented with a gold bandeau and flowers.

Promenade Dresses.—1. A round dress of white muslin, with a plain habit shirt of cambric, shawl of variegated silk net, straw bonnet with a flower.—2. Round dress of plain pink Italian sarsnet, with a habit shirt of worked muslin and lace, shawl of white muslin, hat of white silk turned up in front, and ornamented with a yellow fancy flower; the hair dressed full over the face, with a diamond or pearl comb in front.



—
VELUTI IN SPECULUM.
—

THE DRAMA.

—

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

DRURY-LANE,

THIS theatre closed, with the most prosperous run of success it has ever experienced, on Wednesday, June 15, when Mr. Bannister returned the customary acknowledgments, but was scarcely heard, from the repeated bursts of applause.

COVENT-GARDEN.

This theatre continued open till June 25, when it closed with the favorite comedy of *John Bull*. Mr. Lewis delivered a neat address to the audience expressive of the gratitude of the proprietors and performers. On the succeeding Friday evening, the use of the theatre

was liberally granted by Mr. Harris to Mr. Lee Lewis, when Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Mattocks, Mr. Siddons, Mr. Holland, &c. generously came forward to the assistance of a once favorite actor. Here was also a play on the following Saturday evening, for the benefit of the lying-in-hospital.

HAY-MARKET.

Notwithstanding the pompous assurance that several novelties are in preparation, some of which we naturally expected would have been early brought forward while the winter theatres were open, there has been no new piece attempted since *Mrs. Wiggins*, which, with great difficulty, though her *physicians* exerted all their skill and art, lingered for seven nights, and, we presume, is now dead and buried. Several new appearances have taken place; the most successful candidates are a Mr. Grove in *Robin Roushead (Fortune's Frolic)*, and Miss Gramani, in *Amanthis (Child of Nature)*.

THE DANCING-GIRLS OF EGYPT.

(With an Engraving.)

THE celebrated M. Denon, in his narrative of the Egyptian expedition, gives the following description of the *almehs*, or dancing-girls of Egypt:—

At Metubis, an Egyptian village, we were entertained by the dancing of these females.

They had brought two instruments, the one a bag-pipe, and the other a tambourine made with an earthen pot, and which was beat with their hands. They were seven in number. Two began to dance, while the others sung, accompanying themselves with castagnettes, in the form of little cymbals of the size of a crown-piece: the motion by which these were rattled against each other displayed the fingers and wrists of the almehs to great advantage. They drank brandy in large glasses, like lemonade; and though young and pretty, they were for the most part worn out and faded.

The almehs, notwithstanding their dissoluteness, are received into the harems of the most respectable part of the community, as the tutors of young ladies in every agreeable accomplishment. They give lessons in dancing, singing, the graces, and every pleasurable art; nor is it surprizing that, where voluptuousness is the principal occupation of the women, those of the sex who make a profession of gallantry should be the instructors of the rest. They are introduced at the entertainments given by the great among themselves; and when a husband would spread festivity through his harem, the almehs are called upon to assist. A scene of this description is the subject of the plate.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR JUNE, 1803.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH DAY, 1803

By H. J. Pye, Esq. Poet Laureat.

1.

BRITAIN, alas! has woo'd in vain,
Reluctant peace, thy placid charms;
Compell'd, she treads once more th' ensanguin'd
plain,

Where fame, where freedom, call aloud for
arms.

Yet be awhile the battle's sound
In notes of festive triumph drown'd:
Whether the fiends of discord fly
Portentous thro' the fiery sky,
Or, bound in fate's coercive chain,
Howl 'mid th' infernal seats in vain,
On this auspicious day the muse,
Jocund, with grateful voice, her wonted theme pur-
sues.

2.

Amid the boast of tyrant pride,
The pomp of state, the arm'd array,
Can all the shouts of slavery hide
That slaves unwilling homage pay?

No force can shield ambition's head
 From noon-tide care, from midnight dread,
 When the still monitor within
 Searches the abode of blood and sin:
 While he who rules with virtuous sway,
 Whom freemen glory to obey,
 Sees every breast the bulwark of a throne,
 His people's surest guard, its sacred rights their
 own.

3.

Then let the muse, with duteous hand,
 Strike the bold lyre's responsive strings,
 While every tongue thro' Albion's land
 Joins in the hymn of praise she sings;
 And labour, from the furrow'd plain,
 And commerce, from the billowy main,
 With voice symphonious bid arise
 That purest incense to the skies,
 Above the proudest wreath of fame,
 Which ever grac'd the victor's name,
 A nation's votive breath by truth consign'd
 To bless a patriot King—the friend of human kind!

 ON FRIENDSHIP.

 BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

(Concluded from page 87.)

16.

FRIENDSHIP, that wantonly admits
 A joco-serious play of wits
 In brilliant altercation,
 Is union such as indicates
 Like hand-in-hand insurance plates,
 Danger of conflagration.

17.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul
True as the needle to the pole,
Yet shifting like the weather,
The needle's constancy forego
For any novelty, and shew
Its variations rather.

18.

Insensibility makes some
Unseasonably deaf and dumb,
When most you need their pity ;
'Tis waiting till the tears shall fall
From Gog and Magog in Guildhall,
Those playthings of the city.*

19.

The great and small but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete :
Th' attempt would scarce be madder,
Should any from the bottom hope
At one huge stride to reach the top
Of an erected ladder.

20.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
Their het'rogeaneous politics
Without an effervescence,
Such as of salts with lemon juice,
But which is rarely known t' induce,
Like that, a coalescence.

21.

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life.
But even those who differ
Only on topics left at large,
How fiercely will they fight and charge !
No combatants are stiffer.

* This was written before the removal of them.

22.

To prove, alas! my main intent,
Needs no great cost of argument,
No cutting and contriving.
Seeking a real friend, we seem
T' adopt the chemist's golden dream,
With still less hope of thriving.

23.

Then judge before you chuse your man,
As circumspectly as you can,
And, having made election,
See that no disrespect of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
Enfeeble his affection.

24.

It is not timber, lead, and stone
An architect requires alone,
To finish a great building;
The palace were but half complete,
Could he by any chance forget
The carving and the gilding.

25.

As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defin'd,
First rivets our attention;
So manners decent and polite,
The same we practis'd at first sight,
Must save it from declension.

26.

The man who hails you Tom, or Jack,
And proves by thumping on your back
His sense of your great merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
To pardon or to bear it.

27.

Some friends make this their prudent plan,
Say little, and hear all you can,
Safe policy, but hateful !
So barren sands imbibe the show'r,
But render neither fruit nor flow'r
Unpleasant nor ungrateful.

28.

They whisper trivial things, and small ;
But to communicate at all
Things serious, deem improper.
Their fœculence and froth they shew,
But keep their best contents below,
Just like a sim'ring copper.

29.

These samples (for, alas ! at last
These are but samples, and a taste
Of evils yet unmention'd)
May prove the task, a task indeed,
In which 'tis much if we succeed,
However well intention'd.

30.

Pursue the theme, and you shall find
A disciplin'd and furnish'd mind
To be at least expedient ;
And, after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
A principal ingredient.

31.

True friendship has in short a grace
More than terrestrial in its face,
That proves it Heaven-descended.
Man's love of woman not so pure,
Nor, when sincerest, so secure,
To last till life is ended !

ADULTERY.

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.....PART III.

(Concluded from page 86.)

1.

AH! where is pleasure found in earth's frail joys,
Where love is not?—Thou soother of all woe,
Unwilling linger from thy native skies
Awhile, and share with misery below
The empire of mankind. Again shall glow
Thy holy altars with recruited flame,
And vice no more assume the semblance of thy
fame.

2.

Seek not, O muse, to suit the skilful phrase
To griefs like Edward's griefs—to name unknown!
He who has lost a maid with every grace
Endow'd, who has returns of passion shewn,
Such as the happiest lovers know alone,
Will feel how vain the art of words must prove,
When vile adultery triumph's o'er a husband's love.

3.

Time, the best soother of the wretch's woe,
On Edward's anguish wonted balm bestow'd.
But happiness he ne'er again may know;
Continual sorrow heap'd the deadly load,
No beam of joy illum'd his earthly road:
Despair, with clouds of gloom, the wide world
spread,
And every bliss but hope, Heav'n-pointing hope,
was fled!

4.

Silent and pale amid his lonely groves
 Incessant wandering with distracted pace,
 O, faithless fair! forlorn thy husband roves,
 As tho' he sought thee in each wonted place.
 Fled from his person is each former grace,
 His sports, the muse, no more the mourner please,
 Death, sorrow's faithful friend, alone his woes may
 ease!

5.

Spirit of mercy, give the injur'd rest,
 And bid despair his growing horrors cease!
 Unfold, ye glorious mansions of the blest,
 Angelic scenes of never-ending peace,
 And hail the pious mourner to your bliss!
 'Tis done!—the pitying marble o'er his dust
 Laments the finish'd triumph of adulterous lust!

6.

Adieu! ye orphans of a mother's vice,
 Who, lost to you, in folly's maze moves round,
 Adieu! Where fashion bids her throngs rejoice,
 Haste, my reluctant muse: unholy ground
 'Tis thine to tread, where crowds, by pleasure
 bound
 In sensual fetters, laugh their lives away,
 And in religion's spite make trembling nature gay.

7.

Unknowing yet of hapless Edward's fate,
 Each vicious temple, where fell fashion's shrine
 The great erect, and sophistry elate
 Tramples beneath his feet the law divine,
 Was Ellen's haunt. Pleasure and flattery join
 To drive reflection far, and in the maze
 That leads to ruin's den, onward she heedless
 strays.

8.

None o'er fair Ellen, in the midnight brawl,
Is given to fame by dissipation's voice.
First to the matron mother's crowded hall
Is Ellen hail'd to share the splendid joys ;
While the yet constant partner of her vice
(Fiend most abhorr'd !) fathers and husbands court,
And urge with eager care to grace each gay resort.

9.

What though the fair one's form each charm may
boast,
What if her manners lure the dazzled sense,
Her innocence, her honor's pride are lost !
Pure are the children of incontinence,
Who in the midnight alleys glean the pence
Of prostitution, when with Ellen nam'd,
A married prostitute, a mother most defam'd !

10.

The trembling wanderer of the nightly town
Had no fond partner to command her heart,
No parent's tenderness to her is known,
No honor'd home did e'er its bliss impart,
Perhaps a prey to love's fictitious art :
But Ellen !—O dismiss her from your door,
Ye wives and mothers chaste, and shun the false
impure !

11.

Not long remain'd the glories of the fair :
A fever, wing'd with news of Edward, came,
Trembled her awe-struck soul with dire despair,
While torturing conscience added to the flame
Of dread disease. Then to the startled dame
Heaven's vengeful hand disclos'd the sinner's doom,
The horrors of the grave, and worlds beyond the
tomb !

12.

Now fiercer tortures rack'd her burning brain,
 And in the paroxysms of ravings wild
 She curs'd the author of her honor's stain,
 Now talk'd of Edward with demeanor wild,
 Or hung in fancied fondness o'er each child,
 Once the dear object of her care, and then
 Imagin'd base Lothario at her feet again.

13.

Oft in the lucid moments of her soul,
 With hands uprais'd to Heav'n, and streaming
 eyes,
 She terror would with pious hope controul,
 And mourn with plaintive grief her sacrifice
 To infamy. Then memory's groups would rise
 And lash her with their stings. O, wretched state!
 Thus in the height of woe was clos'd her mortal
 fate!

14.

Lothario lives—the joy of circles gay,
 The pride of fashion, and the rule of youth,
 What virtuous wife will next become his prey?
 What modest daughter, for his bestial ruth,
 Shall quit the paths of innocence and truth?
 Ye sires and husbands who the fiend embrace,
 Alas! full soon your tears shall tell the just dis-
 grace!

15.

Join, virtue's friends, at reason's altar join,
 To crush the wretch with obloquy and scorn:
 Let the whole earth in generous wrath combine,
 And drive the monster into wilds forlorn;
 Let him in deserts curse the coming morn,
 While blackest horror hides the starry sky,
 And round his bestial couch the sylvan monsters cry.

16.

Alas! unheeded is the muse's pray'r,
Unheard the claim of virtue, nature's voice:
Lo! fashion lifts the adulterer in the air,
And bids her votaries imitate his vice.
Lo! matrons, maids (a future sacrifice),
The fiend surround with smiles, while hoary sires
And heedless husbands throng to fan his amorous
fires.

17.

There was, 'tis said, a time when wealth and pride
Were most distinguish'd by the glorious love
Of honor; when known villains were deny'd
With modesty and pliant youth to rove
In public view. But what shall now reprove
Adultery's success? The tuneful train
And Heav'n-arm'd justice plead the cause of truth
in vain!

18.

Tremble, Lothario! Virtue shall again
Resume her heavenly empire o'er the land!
Adultery sees aghast the druid train
Light in their tuneful groves the hallow'd brand:
Sees justice pleading, in her senates stand.
Tremble, Lothario! soon the public voice
Shall bid the vengeful genius of our isle arise!

19.

Then thou, Lothario, from the indignant throng
Of generous Britons shall be driv'n by scorn;
Like the vile reptile shalt thou skulk along,
And suck the vapours of the night forlorn,
Shrink in dark caverns at the blush of morn,
And as the deadly adder to his den,
Be driv'n by public hate from intercourse with men.

20.

No more shall fashion then with dire controul
 Spurn holy truth and shake religion's sway,
 Assume an empire o'er the immortal soul,
 And lead with songs adultery on his way,
 Or make the harlot wife with chaplets gay.
 Then vile adultery shall be driven afar,
 To raise, on woodlands wild, 'mid beasts, lascivious
 war.

21.

Hail, happy days ! again the husband's joys
 Virtue shall cherish. Then delightful care
 Her infants' smiles shall the fond mother prize
 Above the bliss of fashion. Then the fair
 Shall bid the sensual herd of vice despair !
 While all the people hail, with loud acclaim,
 Wedlock by virtue crown'd with renovated fame !

Birmingham, June 1803.

S. B.

EPITAPH ON A SOLDIER.

HERE lies a true soldier, whom all must applaud,
 Much service he saw both at home and abroad ;
 But the hardest engagement he ever was in,
 Was the battle of self in the conquest of sin.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS SPENCER.

By the Hon. W. S.

AN angel form, for earth too pure, too bright,
 Glanc'd in sweet vision o'er paternal sight.
 It fled—this holiest hope to faith is given,
 To find the vision realiz'd in Heaven.

Literary Review.

A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy. By Lawrence Sterne. Illustrated by Notes, Memoirs of the Author, and a Translation of the French Phrases which occur in the Course of the Work.

THE admirers of Sterne (and we presume they are not a few) must derive considerable satisfaction from the present edition, which, with respect to typographical neatness and splendid embellishments (11 in number, on the most interesting subjects in the work, admirably executed, and including a capital likeness of the author), far exceed any preceding, and will not be easily surpassed, or even *equalled*, by any future one. The sketch of the author's life is well written, and many of the notes are interesting—the first of which is a sufficient recommendation of *The Sentimental Journey*. “The genius of Sterne was peculiarly adapted to his abrupt style of writing, which, under his management, became highly original, and excites the most pleasing curiosity in the mind of the reader. No writer ever abounded more than Sterne in this singularity, and that he stands un-

rivalled in this species of composition is so universally allowed, as to render any panegyric on that head unnecessary." In the last note, the editor very justly remarks: "The Sentimental Journey of Sterne has given birth to various imitations of that kind of composition: the bar, the pulpit, and the stage have occasionally yielded their place to this infatuation. Cumberland first dressed the comic muse in robes not her own, but he did it with that dexterity that the world saw and admired the nymph in her new attire. But the bungling imitators of this kind of composition have overwhelmed the public with their attempts, and the press has groaned with their labours. Erudition and literature nauseate this odious draught, while poor common sense is so bewildered in the maze of nonsense as to be no longer recognized."

Cumberland's first comic pieces were 'The Summer's Tale,' 1765; 'Amelia,' 1768; 'The Brothers,' 1769; 'The West Indian,' 1771; 'The Fashionable Lover,' 1772, &c. in none of which is to be found that originality or eccentric humour which belongs to Sterne. The elder Colman, who wrote at this period, dressed the comic muse in equal, if not superior robes. O'Keefe indeed may be said to have given Thalia an entire *new dress*, and his whimsical quibbles, like Sterne's whimsical interruptions, have also excited imitation.

The translation of the French phrases which is annexed to the work, will, we doubt not, be of great utility to many English readers. Upon

the whole, we must strongly recommend the present edition to the attention of the public.

A Digest of the Faith, Duties, and Privileges of a Christian. Extracted from the Writings of Dr. Porteus, Lord Bishop of London; including a View of the Evidences of the Christian Religion, with Observations and Reflections. By a Member of the Established Church.

“THE design of this little volume,” says the preface, “is to extract such sentiments from his lordship’s writings as may convey to the minds of those who are incapable of purchasing the whole, a rich and shining variety of beautiful and interesting passages relative to the glorious discoveries of divine revelation, and the benefits resulting therefrom.” In selections of this nature, much discrimination and nicety are requisite, in order to reduce to a small compass the chief ingredients of any elaborate work; and when executed with judgment, they frequently prove of greater utility than the originals, for they are not only purchased at less expense, but are better adapted to the comprehension and retention of readers in general.—We are happy in congratulating the present compiler in having happily accomplished his purpose, and in assuring the public that this little volume is an admirable compendium of all the religious sentiments which abound in the works of this illustrious prelate; which sentiments are considerably strengthened with occasional notes, that sufficiently evince the theo-

logical knowledge of the editor, and demonstrate that few others could have been found so adequate to the task. We sincerely wish, for the happiness of this and the rising generation, that the present work may become a general visitor to all families; we also wish that school-masters and mistresses would receive it into their seminaries for the benefit of youth.

The History of the Wars which arose out of the French Revolution; to which is prefixed, a Review of the Causes of that Event. By Alexander Stephens, of the Hon Society of the Middle Temple, Esq. In two quarto volumes.

THE late war raged far and wide for *nine* long years, but happily it has at length come to a termination. The historian therefore may with propriety collect together the facts, which, at the time they happened, could not be stated with a rigorous impartiality. The fury of prejudice and the violence of passion are abated: we no longer view things through a distorted medium—truth alone we wish to record for the edification and delight of posterity.

The present volume contains a vast variety of matter, and may be pronounced on the whole a very full and fair account of the late tremendous contest. The characters of statesmen and generals both at home and abroad are delineated. Reflections are interspersed of a conciliatory tendency, painting war in all its horrors, and holding up the blessings of peace to the delight and admiration of mankind. The maps

are large, and the several spots where battles took place are marked by inverted swords; by this means the eye instantly catches them, while the heart weeps at the recollection that so many thousands' of our fellow-creatures are thus consigned to destruction.

Materials for Thinking. By *W. Burdon, A.M.*

THESE are essays of a peculiar kind, having for their professed object the setting of the intellectual principle in motion! In many respects they are adapted for the purpose, and convey in a pleasing style much instruction.—The subjects are Liberality of Sentiment—Human Inconsistencies—on the Imagination—on Characters—on the Feelings—on the Character and Conduct of Bonaparte—on Education—and on political Economy. Mr. B. offers his opinions on these topics without the least reserve, and fears no man's resentment. “If (says he) I have raised myself enemies, I have gained some friends among the virtuous few, who will amply compensate for any inconveniences. For the faults of composition, the deficiencies of argument, I will make no apology—I promised little, and had therefore little to perform. My principal merit consists in my intentions, and here I will yield to no man, for it is impossible for any one to possess purer zeal for the advancement of truth and reason, and the general happiness of society.”

Poems on Moral and Religious Subjects. By A. Flowerdew.

THESE interesting poems are written on a pleasing variety of subjects, and are well adapted to delight and improve the rising generation. The topics are, Reflections on the Close of the Year 1801—Thoughts on Death—Address to my Daughter—on the Goodness of God—on the Storm, New Year's Morn, 1779—on perusing some Lines written at an early Age—on Redeeming Love—Paraphrase on Job, 21. 15.—Folly of Scepticism—Hope—Address to Friends—Roses—Captive Birds—Petition—Sleep—Bells ringing in the New Year—Resignation—to the Memory of a Child—Moon-light Night—Widow's Prayer—Future Happiness—Spring—Cherry-tree—Bosom Friend—Triumph of Benevolence, or Success of the Vaccine Inoculation—and lastly, on the Death of Mr. Charles Frederic Flowerdew. We have only to add, that some of these pieces are written in blank verse, and others in rhyme, that the sentiments are excellent, and that the language, frequently elegant, is uniformly characterized by ease and simplicity. We understand that this ingenious lady has just opened a boarding school at Islington, and cannot help wishing her that success to which her merits are entitled.

A Vindication of Scriptural Unitarianism, and some other primitive Doctrines, in Reply to 'Vindex's Examination of an Appeal to the Society of Friends.' By Verax.

THE gentleman who here comes forward under the name of Verax, wrote an *Appeal* to the people called Quaker in behalf of Hannah Barnard, which was noticed with approbation in our Review. In the present performance this appeal is vindicated with ability from the charge of misrepresentation, which a writer of the assumed name of Vindex has brought against it. Indeed to us it appears that Verax has completely established his point, and therefore we hope it will put an end to the controversy. Our advice, however, to all denominations is, that they will keep to the intelligible doctrines of Scripture, be content with what is simply revealed, and never fail in the exercise of that love and charity which is the essence of genuine and unadulterated christianity.

Epigrams; in two books. By Wm. Barnes Rhodes.

IT is somewhat singular that an individual should publish an entire volume of *Epigrams*, which, being witty sayings in verse, must possess various merit, and sometimes occasion disappointment. But the genius of epigrammatic wit is not to be controuled. However, notwithstanding these introductory remarks, we have been well pleased. In most of the epigrams

the author has succeeded; the following, by way of specimen, may make the reader smile :

“ Whatever is, is right,” says Pope—
So said a sturdy thief;
But when his fate requir’d a rope,
He varied his belief.

I ask’d, if still he held it good ?
“ Why, no !” he sternly cried ;
“ Good texts are only understood
By being *well* applied !”

The ingenuity of this *honest* fellow (though assuredly no ornament to the doctrine of necessity) ought to have saved him from his ignominious punishment.

Cowper illustrated ; by a Series of Views in or near the Park of Weston Underwood, Bucks.

HAVING on a former occasion given the life of this valuable poet, made his works the subject of several Reflectors, and are even now inserting many extracts from Hayley relative to his private history—we are happy in bringing forward this ingenious piece, as a tribute of respect to his memory. Weston Underwood was the spot where Cowper wrote his Task ; some of the finest descriptions of rural scenery were suggested by views in its vicinity. These views are here taken with taste and ability ; the engravings (12 in number) are happily executed ; accompanied with a prose illustration, they are peculiarly interesting ; and the epitome of

of his life prefixed cannot fail to interest the attention. The work altogether is excellent, and the admirers of Cowper will thank some unknown friend for its plan and execution.—The *summer-house of the poet*, given by way of vignette in the title-page, at once delights the imagination and impresses the heart.

Observations on the Importance and Necessity of Introducing improved Machinery into the Woollen Manufactory, more particularly as it respects the Interests of the Counties of Wilts, Gloucester, and Somerset; with general Remarks on the present Application to Parliament by the Manufacturers for the Repeal of several of the existing Laws. In a Letter addressed to the Right Hon. Henry Pettey. By John Anstie, Chairman to the general Wool Meeting in the Year 1788.

THIS well written pamphlet states with clearness and precision the manifold benefits of adopting improved machinery. Mr. A. evidently understands his subject, and the manufacturers must thank him for his observations. At the same time, we trust that the legislature will listen to all suggestions, which, benefitting their manufacturies, must essentially contribute to the welfare and prosperity of the nation.

*Retrospect of the Political World*FOR JUNE, 1803.

IN our last number we lamented the horrors of war, and sincerely lamented that so enormous an evil was again about to afflict our beloved country. We were, however, in hopes that the mediation of Russia might be of service to settle existing disputes between France and Britain. Nor indeed have we yet quite abandoned the subject. An opening may be left for the restoration of peace, though we candidly confess that we are not very sanguine in our expectations. But the mind clings to every prospect of the kind, and never quits her hold till involved in the darkness of despair. Such, we trust, will not be our present condition.

We nevertheless think it our duty to expose and reprobate the ambition of BONAPARTE. A *warlike chief* will never long be at rest—visions of glory are ever hovering round him, arising from new victories, from fresh conquests. It is certain that this Corsican adventurer has seized Hanover with his troops, and Hamburgh also has fallen a prey to his evil machinations. Thus one thing brings on another, till both sides are inflamed for each other's destruction. Active measures will soon multiply, involving Europe in disorder and misery.

The minister has opened his budget with war-taxes on tea, sugar, wine, malt, and property of every description. May our means be

equal to our demands, for the defence and safety of our highly favored country !

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR JUNE, 1803.

1. **A** MOST magnificent *fete* given at Ranelagh, in honor of the knights of the Bath. The principal entrance was under a beautiful arch of variegated lamps, supported by two columns representing the entrance to London by Hyde-park Corner. A ballet was exhibited, and the utmost conviviality prevailed during the entertainment. Such an assemblage of beauty and elegance have been rarely witnessed on any other public occasion.
2. A very spirited debate in the house of lords respecting the conduct of ministers ; on both sides speeches were delivered with great animation.
3. A similar debate took place in the house of commons, on the conduct of ministers, which presented many specimens of a warm and high-wrought oratory.
4. The birth-day of his majesty, who entered his 65th year, was kept with the usual tokens of joy and festivity. The court was unusually crowded on the occasion.
6. A most heavy storm of thunder and lightning, hail and rain was experienced in the cities of London and Westminster. In some houses the bell-wires were broke, and parts of

them melted into little round balls the size of a pin's head; the report was said to be equal to that of a twenty-four pound shot from a cannon. One house it set on fire, but it was soon extinguished.

8. The lord mayor, attended by the sheriffs and aldermen, presented an address to his majesty, on the present war, engaging to exert themselves in the defence of the country.

10. In the house of commons, 40,000 seamen and marines were voted, being 100,000 in all, including 50,000 for the peace establishment, and 10,000 voted when the armament began. From the minister's account, 70,000 are now in service, and we understand 80,000 was the number required for all the ships already put into commission.

13. The minister opens his budget of new taxes on sugar, wine, spirits, tea, malt, imports and exports. It is determined to raise the expences of the year within the year. This perhaps is wise—for can we on any ground burden posterity.

15. Duke of Cambridge arrives from the continent at his apartments, St. James's palace. In the evening he set off for Windsor, to pay his respects to his royal parents—a just token of filial affection.

16. During the drawing of Sir Thomas Turton's chariot, at the election in the Borough, a young man was kicked by a horse, which knocked him down, and owing to the pressure of the crowd, he was unfortunately run over by the carriage, and shortly after expired! Sir

Thomas, it is said, means to make some recompence to the family.

19. A curious examination took place before a sitting alderman, at Guildhall. A young woman, about 24 years of age was questioned respecting her stealing a female infant! It seems she has respectable connexions, and is under the protection of a person of property, on whom she wished to palm this child as her own. A strange species this of dishonesty.

24. The judges met at Westminster-hall, and chose their respective circuits:—

HOME—Lord Ellenborough and Justice Heath,
NORTHERN—Baron Thomson and Justice
Chambre.

NORFOLK—Lord Chief Baron, and Baron
Hotham.

OXFORD—Justice Lawrence and Justice Le
Blanc.

WESTERN—Lord Alvanley and Baron Gra-
ham.

MIDLAND—Justice Grose and Justice Rooke.

Thus are the ravages of vice checked, and by the steady and impartial operation of the laws, the life and property of the subject are rendered sacred in society.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

JAMES SODEN, Coventry, money scrivener. Thomas Bayley, Bishopsgate street Without, wine and beer merchant. John Grayson, 'Eastcheap, insurance broker. James Maning, Thomas Heaviside, and Thomas Boreman, Barge yard, Bucklersbury, warehousemen. Henry Allen, Liverpool, merchant. George Smith the younger, Lovel's court, Paternoster row, silversmith. Richard Courteen the younger, Great Bell alley, merchant. John Agien, Providence row, Finsbury square, carver and gilder. John West, Somer's place East, St. Pancras, plaisterer. Wm. Swanne, Red Lion street, Clerkenwell, broker. John Linard, Bridgewater, Somerset, jobber in cattle. John Dease Reilly, Bond court, Walbrook, insurance broker. Thomas Hobbs, Barking, Essex, dealer and chapman. John Harmer, Tunbridge, Kent, baker. Thomas Weston Lewis, Falmouth, merchant. James Challener, Coventry, victualler. William Markham, Cottingham, Yorkshire, merchant. Thomas Binns and James Brown, Tottenham street, engine manufacturers. James Wilde, John Watts, and John Boddy, Upper Thames street, wholesale grocers. Charles Williams, Lower Tooting, Surrey, mealman. Thomas Jeffs, Stoke Newington, carpenter. John Anderson, Miller's Wharf, East Smithfield, merchant. Barnabas Campbell, Princes square, Ratcliff Highway, insurance broker. Samuel Hopkins, Leeds, merchant. John Towndrow, Wennington, Bedford, hawker and pedlar. John Cook, Warren street, Tottenham Court road, linen draper. Peter Dubbelde-muts Van Dyck, Arnold John Gevers Leuven, and

Wynand Adriaen de Gruiter, late of the Circus, Minories, London, merchants. Andrew Thompson and Bartholomew White, Bow lane, London, wholesale hosiers. Balthasar Giorgi, late of Ratcliff Highway, Middlesex, chymist. John Plowes, Leeds, Yorkshire, merchant. William Drake, Ratcliffe Highway, Middlesex, linen draper. Wm. Huddleston, Manchester, draper. John Agnew, Grosvenor place, banker. George Dorset, John Johnson, John Wilkinson, William Berners, and James Tilson, New Bond street, bankers. Wm. Freeman, St. Martin's, Stamford Baron, Northampton, grocer. Richard Paley, Leeds, soap boiler. J. Jarret, Bristol, hop merchant. N. Kirkman, Gt. Bolton, Lancashire, counterpane manufacturer. Thomas Hemens, Dunsford, Devonshire, miller. James Stewart, Shadwell, chinaman. Wm. Watson, Kennington lane, Lambeth, corn factor. Charles Knight, London street, Fitzroy square, engraver and printseller. Philip Fryer, Manchester, malster and corn factor. John Lemmon, Saffron, Waldon, Essex, seedsman. John Dawson, St. James's street, merchant. Wm. Bryan, White Lion court, Birchin lane, merchant. Edw. Whalley, Bolton, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer. Thomas Buxton and Thomas Bentley Buxton, Leicester, bankers. Thomas Rideout, Manchester, merchant. John Lowman, Whitechurch, Southampton, coachmaster. William Myall, Woodbridge, Suffolk, victualler. Henry Lewis and Wm. Chambers, Rathbone place, Oxford street, shopkeepers. Robert Wallas, King street, wholesale linen draper. Robert Johnson, late chief mate of the Woodford East Indiaman. Henry Warner, Bristol, basket maker. John Rippon, Bermondsey street, Southwark, money scrivener. Wm. Beatson the elder, Robert Beatson, John Beatson, and Wm. Beatson the younger, Mashborough, York-

shire, common brewers. Henry Pizey, Sun street, baker. Emanuel Waller, Grantham, Lincoln, coachmaster. Henry Merttins Bird and Benjamin Savage, Jeffries square. John Simpson, Kingston upon Hull, ship carpenter. Peter Latham, late of Camomile street, London, merchant. Thomas Hodgkins, Tabernacle Walk, St. Leonard, Shore-ditch, grocer and tea dealer. Charles Sutton, Liverpool, grocer and tea dealer. Richard James and Wm. Wilson, Church street, Greenwich, grocers. John Parr Welsford, late of Union court, London, underwriter. John Hamilton, Bread street, Cheap-side, merchant. Thomas Thomas, Camomile street, London, merchant. John Pierrepont, Bunhill row, carpenter. John Ribbans, Colchester, wine and brandy merchant. Robert Brent, late of Bristol, jeweller. Lawrence Cohen, Jewry street, London, merchant. Thomas Cussons and Wm. Wayne, Kingston upon Hull, merchants. John Shaw, Peter's lane, John street, cheesemonger. Thomas Jones, Dowlais, Glamorganshire, grocer. Roelof Symons, Dover, ship broker. Isaac Wilson, Thornhaugh street, merchant. John Sawyer and John Kettlewell, Leeds, merchants.

REMARKABLE BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND
DEATHS IN JUNE, 1803.

BIRTHS.

MRS. H. Siddons, of Covent-garden theatre, of a daughter.

In Cumberland, the unfortunate Mary Robinson, the beauty of Buttermere, of a still-born son.

In Lower Brook street, London, Lady Henry Stuart, of a son and heir.

In Langley street, Long-acre, the wife of Thomas Jones, a journeyman lace weaver, of three fine

children, who, with the mother, are likely to do well.

MARRIAGES.

At Fife House, Whitehall, by special licence, His Grace the Duke of Bedford to the beautiful and accomplished Lady Georgina Gordon, fifth daughter of His Grace the Duke of Gordon.

Captain D. Gould, of the royal navy, to Miss Willes, daughter of the Archdeacon of Wells.

At Rampton, Nottinghamshire, Mr. W. Wynn, of Sterton, aged 74, to Mrs. Baxter, aged 72.

At St. George's church, Hanover square, Lieut. Col. Maitland, of the 1st regt. of Guards, to the Hon. Louisa Crofton, second daughter of the Right Hon. Lady Crofton.

The Right Hon. Lord Redesdale, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, to the Right Hon. Lady Frances Perceval.

Lord Viscount Glerawley to Lady Is. Lt. Lawrence, daughter of the Earl of Howth.

DEATHS.

His Majesty the King of Etruria.

At her house, Half-moon street, Piccadilly, Mrs. Pope, of Drury lane theatre, aged 27. The lovers of the drama, and particularly of the tragic muse, must regret the loss of this beautiful and highly accomplished woman, whose Monimia, Juliet, and Desdemona have long been the admiration of the public, in which characters the present day has not seen her superior, we might say, her equal. Mrs. Pope was born in the city of Waterford (Ireland), where her father, Mr. Campion, was a respectable merchant. At a tender age, Miss Campion, having a predilection for the stage, made her debut on the boards of the theatre royal, Dublin, where her youth, beauty, and shining abilities did not fail to command the plaudits of an Irish audience. On

her first appearance in this metropolis, she performed the same character, with great applause, which she repeated on several succeeding nights. In 1798, Miss Champion married Mr. Pope; and has, thro' life, preserved that purity of character and conduct which is not always united with theatrical celebrity. While performing Desdemona, in the Moor of Venice, about three weeks ago, at Drury lane theatre, Mrs. Pope was suddenly taken ill, and was carried home, where she continued indisposed till Saturday June 18, when a fit of apoplexy terminated her mortal career, leaving a disconsolate husband and a numerous acquaintance to mourn her premature fate.

At Lydiard-Tregotoze, the Hon. Mr. St. John, eldest son of Lord Bolingbroke.

At Euston Hall, Suffolk, aged 22, Lady Caroline Fitzroy, sixth daughter of the Duke of Grafton.

The Rev. Mr. Porteus, nephew of the Bishop of London. It is remarkable, that Mr. P.'s lady died suddenly, at her father's house, Cambridge, within a few hours after the dissolution of her husband.

At Long Buckby, Northamptonshire, aged 103, Mr. Swinsen.

After a short illness, in Cavendish square, aged 43, Lord G. Murray, Lord Bishop of St. David's. His lordship was the second son of John, late Duke of Athol, and brother to the present duke. He married Ann, daughter of the late Gen. Grant, by whom he has left ten children all under age. He was promoted to the see of St. David's in October, 1800.

At his house in Lower Grosvenor street, the Rev. H. R. Courteney, Lord Bishop of Exeter.

At the Earl of Derby's, Grosvenor square, Mrs. Farren, mother to the Countess of Derby.

At Virginia Water, where he went for the bene-

fit of his health, Joseph Richardson, Esq. representative in the present parliament for Newport, in Cornwall, and one of the joint proprietors of Drury lane theatre. He was an elegant scholar, and highly esteemed in the first circles for his amiable endowments. The chief works in which he was publicly known to have taken a principal part were 'The Rolliad,' and 'The Probationary Odes,' in the composition of which his talents were conspicuous. The comedy of 'The Fugitive,' is highly creditable to his dramatic genius, and which in point of wit, sentiment, and humour, has not been exceeded by many productions of the present day. Mr. Richardson was brought into parliament by his noble friend the Duke of Northumberland, and has always proved himself a friend to the British constitution and to the liberties of the people.

At his seat at Hardingham, aged 64, Sir Archibald Dickson, Admiral of the Blue.

At Forglen, Scotland, the Right Hon. William Lord Banff.

At Hazlewood, county of Sligo (Ireland), the Rt. Hon. Wm. Willoughby, Earl of Enniskillen.

At the castle of Dublin, Robert Jephson, Esq. a gentleman of high literary character. He was the author of several dramatic works, which attained great reputation, particularly 'Braganza,' 'The Count de Narbonne,' &c.

In Dublin, Smith Ramage, Esq. an eminent merchant, and one of the Directors of the Bank of Ireland. He was found in the canal near the metropolis, into which he had fallen from his horse.

To Correspondents.

Several Favors have been received, which shall meet with due Attention.

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Lord Monboddo.